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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Housekeeper's Ledger; and the Elements of Domestic Economy, &c. &c. By Dr. Kitchiner. 8vo. pp. 83 (with ruled Pages for Housekeeping Accounts.) London 1824. Hurst, Robinson & Co. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.

THE worthy Doctor is unwearied in his endeavours to do good, and produce what may be useful to society. Sometimes we have doubted his means, while we have praised his motives; but much more frequently have had the satisfaction of commending both. In the present instance, we certainly cannot subscribe to all the positions which he has laid down; but our differences are mere matters of taste and opinion, and probably in some of the cases on which we are at issue with the erudite Gastronomer, the wiser heads of the world will be as apt to agree with him as with his critics. But we shall see as we journey along:—so here goes, text and commentary!

The first division consists of practical hints to inexperienced housekeepers, in the art of providing comfortably for a family; which the facetious author (is not he, ye Benedicts, too sanguine?) declares will enable young ladies "to make the cage of matrimony as comfortable as the net of courtship." To effect this consummation, so "devoutly to be wished," they must, he lays down, keep a ledger of their expenses; upon giving which advice, he digresses into the history of a certain class, and finds, from Athenians, that Cooks were the first kings of the earth; from Filmer, that the old patriarchs were their own cooks; from Homer, that Achilles and his fellows broiled their own meat; from their historians, that the greatest Roman generals boiled their own turnips and other esculents for dinner; and from Records, happily preserved for our information, that our forefathers, six and three centuries ago, were excellent cooks and rigid economists.* Imitating the prudent example of antiquity, therefore, it is recommended to observe order in every thing, to calculate our net income (not the courtship net formerly spoken of) and to save at least two-fifths of it annually. How to manage this is shown in detail. The following ought to suffice, for provisions, per month, per week:—

* Meat, † six pounds (weight undressed);

* It was not to his purpose, and, therefore, our ingeni-(not u)ous friend says nothing of the *cognit* of times which it did not suit his paucity—when Plautus, for example, in his *Pseudolus*, makes Ballo's cook very truly and characteristically exclaim—

Nisi malvinis aut aquilinis utribus?

[Can you look for a cook without the rapacious claws of a kite or an eagle?]

† The following is another of the Doctor's calculations: "Estimate of the Annual Expenses of a Family of two, and occasionally three in the parlour, and two maids, and a man servant, who have a dinner-party of a dozen about once in a month, and where there is always plenty of good provisions—not an affectation of profusion."

* Meat, 65*l*.; Fish and Poultry, 25*l*.; Bread, 18*l*.; Butter and Cheese, 25*l*.; Milk, 7*l*.; Vegetables and Fruit, 20*l*.; Tea and Sugar, 15*l*.; Table Ale, 25*l*.; Washing, 20*l*.; Coals, 30*l*.; Candles and Soap, 20*l*.; Sundries and Forgets, 50*l*.—Total, 320*l*.

bread, four pounds (quarter loaf); butter, half a pound; tea, two ounces; sugar, half a pound; beer (porter), one pint per day."

Beer, the Doctor asserts to be much more nutritive than any wine—a most hateful, erroneous, and scandalous doctrine! but what can be expected when we are also assured that "if more beer is drawn than is drunk at dinner, put a piece of bread into it—and it will be almost as pleasant drinking at supper as if it was fresh drawn." We aver, on the contrary, that it is weary, stale, flat, and (to the drinkers at least, if not to the economical housekeeper,) unprofitable; a very odious beverage, and no more to be compared with wine, than a slice of dead carrion with a superb rump steak.*

From beer we proceed to bread, which is not to be cut till it has been baked at least twenty-four hours: for ourselves, we love hot rolls and muffins for breakfast, and have a severe antipathy to dry bread at any meal. We therefore have never looked into a bread-pan, and take the Doctor's aphorism, on trust, as an undeniable truth, viz. that—

"One of the surest tokens of a good housewife is the state of her bread-pan."

Comus, (of whom we should hugely like a well-written biography) Comus forgive those who have thought more of their bread-baskets.

We entirely agree with the Doctor in thinking it much better to eat cold ham, tongue, &c. at table for luncheons and suppers, than to serve them up in slices and sandwiches; but we differ from him in supposing this method also more frugal. We have seen hungry persons, at very genteel parties too, who must have been contented, had it been handed about, with three or four applications at most to the sandwich tray; but who played the very *dickens* with a fine West-phalia, and carved away at a whole tongue, as if it were alive, and calculated (like that of the mistress of the house) to run and last for ever.

As our author is rather a desultory writer, and we are following him check by jowl, we pass by what is said of sheeps' and bullocks' heads, and come to a more generally important question which applies to the heads of human creatures. "It is better to live within your means than to make an appearance beyond your fortune, either in dress, equipage,

* Again we must school our worthy friend in a note. Why does he depreciate wine? Wine has been admired since it was first made (after the creation of the world.) Noah loved it; and Lot took (perhaps) too much, so fond was he of it; and these were great names of old—worthy patrons of old wine. David, a lyrist before Anacreon, or Morris (the Captain,) or Moore, sang that it gladdened the heart of man—he was a prophet!

There never was a people of the least pretensions to common sense, or celebrity in any way (to the best of our recollection,) but who stuck to their wine. The harshest of philosophers were addicted to tipping; and (not to degenerate into the well-known song of "Diogenes surly and proud," with which his musical pursuits must have made him acquainted,) we will remind the Doctor that Cato, the churl, who advised his friends to kiss their wives only to smell if they had been tasting, was himself, according to Horace, a jolly toper:

"Naratur ut prius Catonem
Sape mero caluisse virtus."

or entertainments." Plato himself never said a truer thing; and the Doctor, as usual, proceeds to illustrate and counsel. "A dinner table should not be more than three feet and a half wide, because a dinner will look handsome on that which would appear scanty on a board of five feet in width." With this opinion we are not disposed to quarrel seriously, for both sizes have their advantages—the narrow table is good because sitters can reach all that is on it before them, and the broad table is good because one can have sauces, glasses, &c. with less of confusion. But the next axiom seems too niggardly and parsimonious.

"It is (says the Dr.) a good plan always to provide for at least One more Guest than you expect—especially if you are not well acquainted with the capacity of your Visitor.—Some Folks want two or three times as much as others—for instance, our incomparable and inspired composer HANDEL required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food—among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered 'DINNER FOR THREE'—and on receiving for answer to his question—'Is de Tinner vetty?'—'As soon as the company come'—He said 'con strepito,' 'Den bring up te Tinner, 'prestissimo, I AM DE GOMBANY.'"

Now even this just cannot reconcile us to the dicta about providing for "one more:—such a practice is enough to starve a whole party! Who could enjoy a hearty meal which must be cut within a pound of the flesh, two ounces of the bread, and the other proportions of a fair allowance, (according to the Doctor's tables,) which such a table would present? The very thought would take away our appetite more effectually than a full feed. Nor do we like his tirade against "the company of *bon-vivants*," with whom dinner is the chief business of the day—who merely 'Live to eat'—who see the Sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets, who are not satisfied till they are surfeited—or of those *Sons of Anacreon* who are not entertained till they are intoxicated, and who ridiculously maintain that the restorative process cannot be perfectly complete in old people till they feel as frisky as a four-year old."

That the author of the Cook's Oracle, a book of inestimable instructions how to tickle the taste and provoke the palate, should join in the senseless outcry against good living and refined cookery, is utterly out of place and inexcusable; and as for getting tipsy now and then, there are high authorities in its favour—not to mention examples.

The Doctor says farther, that—

"Nothing can be more ruinous to real comfort, than the vulgar custom of setting out a table with a parade and a profusion, unsuited not only to the circumstances of the host, but to the number of the guests."

"Nothing can be more fatal to TRUE HOS-

* We doubt this French; *Bons* is not good. *Bon-vivants* are good livers; good livers are not wanted.

PITALITY, by which I mean the frequency with which we give our friends a hearty welcome—than the multiplicity of dishes which luxury has made fashionable at the tables of the great, the wealthy—and the ostentatious,—who are not seldom, neither great nor wealthy.

“Such prodigious preparation (as *Dominie Sampson* would say) instead of being a compliment to our guests, is really nothing better than an indirect offence;—is it not a tacit insinuation, that you think it is absolutely necessary to bribe the depravity of their palates, when you desire the pleasure of their company?—that you think so lightly of them, that you suppose that savoury sauces on your table, are a more inviting attraction than sensible society around it!—and that an honest man is to be caught by a slice of mutton, as easily as a hungry mouse is with a bit of cheese.”

This appears to us to be hard treatment of those who may fall into the kind-hearted mistake of trying to entertain their friends as well as they can, instead of asking them to discomfort, and to just one person's portion more than it is calculated *ought to be eaten*! Why might they not fancy that the pleasures of company would not be diminished by the gratifications of the palate; that sensible society was not likely to be made either less sensible or agreeable by the concomitant presence of savoury sauces; and that an honest man might really love a slice of rich, tender, and juicy South Down. To cut at the last is the unkindest cut of all, and we wonder that such a cruel idea could ever have entered into the benevolent mind of the much-esteemed author. In truth, his sentiments on this point are precisely fit for the excesses of such worldlings as treat without warmth, feast without plenty, and make show without hospitality or cordiality.

And there is also another financial error in his estimates: he argues, as if all that remained after guests were entertained, was lost, and speaks of “a whole family's suffering famine for several days after a dinner-party,” as a consequence of its extravagance. But this is the reverse of fact: such a family might have been more cheaply and plainly fed; but we all know that there are very pretty pickings on the days after the feast, when soups are warmed up, venison hashed, turkeys limbs grilled, stews re-heated, cold joints broiled, delicacies sought out for which there was not sufficient time in the first grand enterprise, puddings meliorated in the Dutch oven, jellies and custards equal to their virgin sweetness, sups of the best vintages, and the d—l a drop of beer preserved by crusts of bread! Nay, so well convinced are we of this, that we would not hesitate to take our affidavit, as far as mere gastronomy was concerned, in favour of the plenary and calm indulgence of post-festive enjoyments,—especially as Time being the eater of all things (*Edax Rerum*), we can then have our revenge and take Time to eat. But this sort of pleasure, the author of the *Cook's Oracle* (of all men!) dares to call making a god of our bellies. *Ventre bleu*, as we say at Dunkirk, it is enough to make a critic swear. Will not he allow the distinction between a glutton and an epicure—between the beast and the man of taste—between the foot and ravenous brute and the commensalist (this may be a new word) who refines up—the almost most exquisite organ with which nature has endowed him? Why, what is it, but the cultivation of

a valuable sense? A person is praised for being one of the cognoscenti in literature, in painting, in sculpture, in music: and shall he be twitted contumeliously who has raised himself above all such, by perfecting a sense at once common, delicate, and complicated; and thus rendering himself an amateur and proficient in the grand art *savoir vivre*! Away with these insults—let any one look into his mouth and see how admirably disposed it is for the importance of its functions. Without it, life must become extinct, and it is therefore a daily slave. But are we, on that account, on account of its vital utility, to debar it from every gratification? On the contrary, every good, honest, benevolent being will do the more for its satisfaction, the more he is sensible of its services. The ruby, velvet, and wonderful tongue; the inflexible, white, and ivory teeth; the jaws, hung by the purest and most perfect mechanism; and above all, the glorious palate (sorrowed by the plough of providence in order to prolong its enjoyments) claim the consideration of the wise and virtuous, and he is (we beg pardon for declaring plainly) an ass who refuses to do them homage. But if we digress thus, we shall become as desultory as our author; and when we are confoundedly angry with him (as we are upon this point,) we should abhor to be like him.

His observations on the silly desire of outshining one's neighbours are very judicious; as are also those on the fashionable folly of coming to dinner long after the hours specified in invitations. If ever this grievous calamity is redressed, which is not probable, it must be done by His most gracious Majesty, and, after him, some of his greatest subjects, setting the example of sitting down within five minutes of the appointed time with such guests as have arrived. We are sure that the monarch who introduced such a reform would receive, as indeed he would merit, infinitely more gratitude from his people than if he originated a reform in Parliament. How many painful minutes are spent in waiting, every one has felt; the “horrid half hour” of a Briton's daily existence protracted into hours, is a visitation in which we have often had our unhappy share: the sufferings of the cook in the kitchen, and of the company (for so the wretched creatures are still called!) in the waiting room, are known to us;—the uneasiness of the entertainers, the shifts of a conversation inadequate to dispel any gloom, the violation of fobs, the yawns, the impatient looks, the all which luncheonless sinners betray, render this a fearful epoch. And at last some blundering booby, or ill-dressed flirt, or empty coxcomb, walks in; and a dozen of punctual, rational, edacious and bi-bacious mortals discover, that it has been owing to this animal or thing that they shall not eat their victuals properly cooked, or experience the comforts which have been prepared for them. Sincerely do we hope that His Majesty, who is a perfect gentleman, and his ministers, who have the good luck to rule at a period of peace and plenty, will turn their serious attention to this crying abuse; the extent of which, and its everlasting prevalence, need no comment to impress the expediency of an improved system on legislators of feeling and bowels. One instance may be enough. We dined last week where the treat consisted of one half tureen of bad cold soup, cold ditto, roast beef ditto, and some pastry which we never could puff: yet were we kept from six till near eight before the cold

soup was ready, and the cold cod served, and the cold beef cut, and the nasty pastry made visible. By *Amphitryon*, we would not have stopped so long to dine with *Vitellius* (or his brother, we believe), who had only nine thousand dishes of fish and fowl in the first two courses. By-the-bye, *Vitellius* was a clever fellow, in spite of all that has been recorded of his gluttony: “a dead enemy always smells sweet,” though an unfeeling speech, was not spoken by a fool. But we really do sometimes catch the tone of the authors we are reviewing, and—so no more episodes.

Our worthy Doctor gives us many pithy proverbs, and quotations from excellent authors—all to teach prudence, economy, and order. All these, however, we will sum up in his own characteristic peroration:

“BEWARE OF ‘TIS BUTS.’
“There are very few of my readers, who if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that *had they saved all those LITTLE SUMS, which they have spent unnecessarily, their circumstances would be very different from what they are.*”

There are some rules for marketing, which we dare say are very useful, but which we confess we do not understand; for we never went to market for any thing but for Mr. Dickinson's beautiful paper, and that was not to wrap *Maintenon* cutlets in. Into the rest of the minutæ we need not enter; but we will tell our readers that, with all its quaintness and oddity, this little work contains (as far as we can judge) a great deal of information which is calculated to promote the kind design of its author, and render a service to society at large.

The Cottager's Friendly Guide, a little pamphlet just published by Sherwood & Co., is a work of like character, only addressed to the industrious poor. It contains many excellent precepts and recipes, and is sold at 5s. per dozen for distribution among a class of people by whom it may be very advantageously consulted.

The Night before the Bridal, &c. &c. By Catharine Grace Garnett. 8vo. pp. 220. London 1824. Longman & Co.

In few things is the refinement and progress of the age more marked than in the present cultivation and advance of female intellect. Formerly a learned lady was a sight to wonder at and avoid: she was one who, possessing few or none of her own sex's graces, sought for what suited her so little, the characteristics of the other. The very name of a *bas bleu* seemed to comprehend all that was chilling as affected superiority, all that was disagreeable as out of character. But the present diffusion of learning is like that of perfume, which, sickening and overpowering when kept in a small close space, becomes reviving and delightful when more generally spread. How many of this very time unite every personal grace with the highest talents, and join severe acquisitions with the lightest accomplishments! The volume we have just closed could only be produced in an age like the present. It is the work of a young female, and speaks of natural talents, highly cultivated. It is a tale of unhappy and faithless love, too long for analysis: we shall content ourselves with an extract or two, leaving our remarks to the last.

But that high fête, 'twas chiefly held for those Who lately had subdued their Gallic foes.
The halls were wreathed with eglantine and rose,
Narcissus pale and hyacinth's deep blue,
Fair jasmine and carnation's blended hue;
And there was wreathed in that most rare festoon
The passion-flower with its pale silvery moon;

There, Juno's favourite Iris glisten'd—and
The amber jonquille on her emerald wand;
 And empress of the wreath, the expanding globe
 Of the striped tulip shed a brilliant glow
 Upon the tessellated floor below,
 Rich as the splendour of a marriage robe;
 Nor was it nature's hues alone that bloom'd,
 Inventive fancy had its bell illum'd;
 Which, like some lamp in wild Arabian tale,
 Gleam'd ruby on the lily's virgin veil.
 Carpets were spread in moon-lit balconies,
 Curtain'd with silks of intermingling dyes;
 And circling tents rose in those gardens fair,
 Lighted by girandoles and torches' glare;
 Or painted lamps, which through their gauzy shade
 Gleam'd moon-like down upon the orange-glade;
 Whilst in the sky above, the blue stars shone
 With a calm spiritual lustre, for their own.
 A light for lovers and for poets meet,
 When they seek out some lone all-hush'd retreat,
 And muse away the hours in dreamy bliss,
 Enamour'd of their own thoughts loveliness.
 There was not aught which might delight the
 mind,

Or charm the sense, there that you did not find;
 And music—dear delicious music—stole
 Through every bower and crept into the soul.
 'Twas like the Alhambra's gorgeous days of old,
 Or like that rare and sumptuous paradise
 Which, in Arabian legends we are told,
 The impious Shedad framed for mortal eyes,
 Deep in the desert.

The recurrence of wreathed and wreath,
 the rhyme on the conjunction "and," and
 other blemishes, show the inexperience of a
 young writer; but the single line we have put
 in italics stamps the poet. The two sisters
 are well contrasted:

Proud, at her sire's right hand, young Clara stood,
 Elate in all the pomp of noble blood;
 Like her who sat beside Olympian Jove,
 When heaven did homage to the queen of love.
 Her brow was arch'd and fine—her towering
 height

Might well assert her claims and regal right;
 She look'd down calmly on the crowd, and stoop'd
 Her swan-like neck, until her ringlets droop'd
 Like a dark veil around her;—then with pride
 She flung them back, and was erect again.
 Meek, trembling, at her elder sister's side,
 Sweet luec stood—and strove, but all in vain,
 Her beauty from the gaze of man to hide;
 Her delicate arms with diamond circlets blazed;
 One ivory hand she half unconsciously raised,
 And drew in closer folds the embroider'd veil,
 To screen those charms admiring gallants praised;
 Her shaded brow, and cheek so fair and pale,
 Brought that most beautiful emblem to the mind,
 The pearl-white lily in its leaf enshrined.
 Her blush—unlike the full and brilliant glow
 Which pleasure painted on her sister's brow,
 Was faint and fleeting, emanating warm
 From the pure soul within—her highest charm.
 She was in youth's first bloom, her azure zone
 Scarce girdled in a more than girlish form,
 Nor had even yet her fifteenth summer flown:
 She watch'd her mother's fond approving eye,
 With soft confiding look of infancy,
 And hand lock'd in her sister's,—thus she stood
 Portraying all that's innocent and good.

These passages show a considerable degree of poetic feeling; and the faults are such as are, as we have already observed, almost of necessity attendant upon youthful composition. Carelessness of metre, inaccurate rhymes, and occasionally unsuitable expressions, are defects which a little study and more critical attention will easily remedy; and our fair authoress has talents which should not be neglected.

Hommage aux Dames. London 1824 for 1825.
 John Lettis, Jun.

ANOTHER extremely pretty present for the
 near approaching holiday time of the year,

dedicated "to the Ladies," and not unworthy
 of their patronage. The literary contributions
 which fill it are anonymous, for the writers
 whisper they are aware that to talk of
 themselves is not the way to please the ladies.
 Both the prose and verse, nevertheless, do
 them much credit; and there is above a hundred
 and fifty pages of very agreeable reading,
 before we come to a little musical piece,
 blank pages for a diary, and a list of the
 principal exhibitions and places of amusement
 in the metropolis. To exemplify our
 opinion, we shall endeavour to compress
 "The Haunted Head, or la Testa di Marte,"
 an exceedingly well told story, into such compass
 as our limits admit:

"It was yet early on a May morning, in
 the year 1540, when two travellers alighted
 at the little cabaret, known by the sign of
Les quatre fils d'Aymon at the entrance of the
 forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two
 very sorry horses, and each of them carried
 a package behind his saddle."

These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini,
 "as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy,
 which has long been used to mad geniuses,
 ever looked upon," and his handsome pupil
 Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art
 to the King of France at Fontainebleau. For
 reasons assigned, Cellini sets out by himself,
 leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards
 evening, proposes to walk in the forest; but,
 before setting out, is specially warned to take
 care, "in the first place, that the Gardes de
 Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck;
 and in the next, that he did not stray too
 near a large house, which he would see at
 about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to
 the right of the path." This house, the host
 tells him "belongs to the Chancellor Poyet,
 who says he does not choose to be disturbed
 in the meditations to which he devotes him-
 self for the good of the state, by idle strag-
 glers. To enforce his orders, too, he has an
 ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who
 threatened to cudgel me one day for walking
 too near his garden wall, and the Gascon
 Captain Sangleu, who cut off poor Blaise's
 ear for doing as little." There is also a
 hint of a poor young lady being shut up in
 this guarded mansion; and it may be anti-
 cipated that Ascanio wanders that way.—
 "A long garden, inclosed by a high wall, and
 thickly planted on both sides with trees,
 which entirely concealed its interior from
 view, was at the back, and it was this which
 Ascanio first approached.

"He heard a low voice, which he thought
 was that of a woman in distress, and listening
 more intently and approaching nearer, he
 was satisfied that his first impression was
 correct. He distinctly heard sobs and such
 expressions of sorrow as convinced him that
 the person from whom they proceeded was
 indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree
 grew against the garden wall near the place
 where he stood; he paused for a moment to
 deliberate whether he could justify the curi-
 osity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that
 a lady was imprisoned there, came across his
 mind, and without further hesitation he as-
 cended the tree. Ascanio looked
 from the height he had gained, and saw a
 young female sitting on a low garden seat
 immediately below the bough on which he
 stood. She was weeping. At length, raising
 her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up
 a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some
 of the chords, and played the symphony to a
 plaintive air which was then well known.

Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and
 wondered that one so fair should have cause
 for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently
 suffering under.

In a colloquy which ensues, she exhorts
 him to fly, tells him she is an orphan whom
 Poyet wants to force into marriage; and
 finally agrees to elope with her young lover.

"Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms,
 and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of
 binding the compact. He looked up to the
 wall to consider the best means of enabling
 the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a
 man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first
 thought they were betrayed, but the expres-
 sion of the face, which he continued to look
 at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a
 very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and
 uncommonly good-humoured. It seemed, as
 well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick
 beard and mustaches, to belong to a man of
 middle age. He had a long pointed nose,
 bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small
 cap just stuck on the left side of his head
 gave a knowing sort of look to his appear-
 ance, and added to the arch expression of
 his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to
 enjoin silence when Ascanio looked up at him.

"Hush," he said, "it is a very reasonable
 bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and
 strongly sworn to. And now, my children,
 as I have been a witness to it, although un-
 intentionally, I feel bound to help your es-
 cape." Ascanio hardly knew what answer to
 make; but as he saw it was perfectly indif-
 ferent to the stranger, who knew the whole
 of his secret, whether he should trust him or
 not, he resolved to accept his offer. He told
 him of the difficulty he had to get the lady
 over the wall."

While employed on this, "three fellows
 were seen stealing round the walls with their
 swords drawn.

"By St. Denis, we have been reckoning
 without our host," cried the stranger, "they
 don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my
 spark," he said to Ascanio, "you will have
 some service for that sword you wear, and
 which, pray heaven, you know how to use.
 Do you stand on the other side of the tree,
 Madam," he said, putting the lady on his
 horse, "and if the worst should betide, gallop
 down the path, keeping the high road till you
 come to Paris; inquire for the Nunnery of
 St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the
 Abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will
 ensure you protection."

"The lady received the ring, and, half
 dead with horror, awaited the issue of the
 contest. The assailants came on with great
 fury; and as they were three to two, the
 odds were rather in their favour. They con-
 sisted of the Gascon Captain, the porter, and
 a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry
 to begin the fight: they appeared astonished
 at finding two opponents, having seen only
 Ascanio from the house. They fell on, how-
 ever, in pretty good order. It happened to
 be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because
 he was the bigger man, to encounter the ser-
 vant and the Captain. Just as they came up,
 he loosened his cloak from his throat, and
 twisting it very lightly round his left arm, he
 made as serviceable a buckler as a man should
 wish to use. Upon this he caught the Cap-
 tain's first blow, and dealt in return so shrewd
 a cut upon the serving man's head, as laid
 him on the forest turf without the least in-
 clination to take any further share in the
 combat. The fight was now nearly equal;

and to do him justice, the Gascon Captain was a fair match for most men. The stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and in less than five minutes the Captain lay beside the servant so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfeu. I have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end of all, and you die as a soldier should." And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake," cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, Madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body, until the shell struck against his breast-bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet.

"The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio, "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone!" and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted.

"But what will you do?" returned the youth.

"I am not far from home, and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse, he'll carry you six leagues in an hour. Good bye, Rabin-can," he added, patting the steed's neck, who by his pawing seemed to know his master.

The lovers do indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and "his gallop was as wild as if it would never end." But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio is at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge.

"He was at this time living with Cellini, in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called *Il Piccol Nello*. Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady, for a short time at least, until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini.

"Among the odd whims which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars, had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of *Il Piccol Nello*. The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles, and a very terrible affair to look upon it was.

"Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper

Catherine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed within, conducted him up to his chamber.

"Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the *Il Piccol Nello*, had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the *Conseillers du Parlement*. This tailor becomes for certain reasons the implacable foe of Cellini. "He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of *Il Piccol Nello*, and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes, but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing upon a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the *Testa di Marte* he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the laquais of all the *Conseillers* he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in *Il Piccol Nello* was as well known as any other current lie in the city."

In this chamber Beatrice is placed: meanwhile the Chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight, and for this reason; two of them were stone-dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions." He however pursues the fugitives, "resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies, by an unlucky habit he had of threatening to kill people with whom he had any disputes. A practice which, although it has its advantages, would, if generally adopted, be highly injurious to all legal professions; and which, therefore, deserved the most severe reprobation of a Chancellor."

Aware of Cellini's favour with the King, he is obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head is therefore made the hinge on which the artist's ruin is to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the King's mistress, and his Majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, enter into the confederacy against him.

The confessor "devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in

league with the devil. When, therefore, the Chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured King was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the Chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, "did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works."

"I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, "but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the *Inferno*, I could not find worse fiends."

"But here," said the king, holding out the papers, "two men swear that you have a head of the devil in *Il Piccol Nello*, and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church."

"The confessor crossed himself.

"I abjure the devil and his powers," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; "and next to them I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious Majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long."

The King decides, on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was gone to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the *Testa di Marte*, wherein the Bride was lodged.

"The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor, the Chancellor. She could not see any of the persons unless she had looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself.

"And this," said the King, "is what they call the Devil's Head."

"Who calls it so?" asked Cellini, fiercely, it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the Devil is an ass and a liar!"

"Patience, good Benvenuto," said the King; "let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon."

"The Chancellor, who had taken care upon the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the Devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth, and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, im-

mediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

"It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the King laughed until his sides ached.

"The Chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting that if he could once gain the assistance of the Clergy, they would invent some pretext upon which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the King was much greater than his own, the Confessor fell into his scheme readily, and he said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The King had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite Church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The Confessor directed a large stack of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the Priests crossed themselves; even the King looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

"'Fiends, monsters!' he cried, 'advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit.'

"Beatrice heard his voice, and almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach.

"'What means all this?' cried the King. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl to listen to the question.

"The old Chancellor, however, who recognised Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation.

"'My gracious liege,' he cried, 'this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household and having carried off the maiden by force.'

"'It is false,' cried Beatrice, as she threw

herself frantically at the King's feet, 'they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your Majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection.'

"'But what says the youth?' asked the King, of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupefying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the Forest of Fontainebleau. 'Has he any witness besides that maiden who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?'

"'He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers,' cried the Chancellor in a rage, 'he has no witness.'

"'Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand Chancellors,' replied the youth; 'and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but upon weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion.'

"'No, my liege,' he added, turning to the King, and kneeling—'I have no witness save God and your Majesty.'

"'And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, Chancellor; by my holy patron, St. Denis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain, but know that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor Sangfen, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dare not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there I had done it myself.' - - -

"The King and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the Chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again. He kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in *Il Piccol Nello* for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence, and said, that of all works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as

"LA TESTA DI MARTE."*

This tale is very pleasantly related. We pass a dramatic scene, and a romance of Goodrich Castle (hardly novel) to give a specimen of the poetry—a canzonet:

My soul they say is hard and cold,
And nought can move me;
Perchance 'tis so 'midst life's wild whirl,
But oh! on beauty's lips, my girl!
'Twill melt like Cleopatra's pearl:
Then love me—love me.

I would not climb thy ambitious heights
That soar above me;
I do not ask thee to bestow
Or wealth or honours on me now,
Or wreath with laurel leaves my brow,
But love me—love me.

Oh! I'll gaze on thee till my fond
Fixed glances move thee:
Love's glance sometimes the coldest warms,
Pygmalion on a statue's charms
Gazed, 'till it leaped into his arms;
Then love me—love me.

A Memoir of Guido, Account of the Greek Klephts, Milton's Adventures in Italy, and

* Of Benvenuto Cellini we shall insert a very curious anecdote next week, which the extent to which this notice has run now forbids.

some minor articles, complete the Hommage. We must protest, however, against the Poems said to be "original, by Lord Byron." One of them appeared in our own Gazette.

There are several appropriate engravings; and the little volume is altogether a very interesting production.

A View of the present State of the Salmon Fisheries, and the Statute Laws by which they are regulated, &c. &c. By J. Cornish, Esq. 8vo. pp. 217. Lond. 1824. Longman & Co.

THE subjects embraced by this volume are exceedingly important—more so, perhaps, in the extended view which every considerate mind must take of them, than even in their existing circumstances, though they so largely affect our national necessities, luxuries, and commerce. It is, therefore, no less surprising than strange that the public should be so ignorant about them; and as regardless as ignorant. There is a common saying, that a person drinks like a fish; and truly, if we were to examine the population of these Islands on their knowledge of the habits, &c. of fish, we should find that nine out of ten never thought more about them than that they lived in the water and drank it excessively. That their preservation on our coasts and in our rivers would diminish the expense of provisions to an incalculable extent, and supply a nutritious food to the poorest of the poor, seems hardly to have attracted the serious attention of the legislature, and cannot be supposed to have occupied the consideration of the multitude.

So long ago as 1818, Mr. Robert Frazer published a quarto volume, in which he clearly and practically pointed out the immense advantages which might be derived from our domestic fisheries; i.e. the fisheries on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. What became of his surveys, plans, and bill in parliament, we know not: we only know that fish are neither more plentiful nor more cheap now than they were six years ago, when he so ably demonstrated the facility with which they might be made not only to contribute essentially to home consumption, but to a large foreign supply. Nearly the same may be remarked of all the patriotic efforts connected with this project for the last hundred years. The experiments have been partial; and the laws for regulating the traffic insufficient. From the time of Charles II. the Dutch have continued to supplant us on our own shores; and what with the duties on salt, and other difficulties, it is to be feared that even the liberal and enlightened policy of our present ministers may be baffled in any attempt to promote the great objects at issue in this respect, unless they can also devote much investigation to the details, of the natural history, the statute laws, and private interests, which are involved in it.

Mr. Cornish's book is likely to be the more useful, as it is dedicated simply to two branches of the question; the Salmon and Channel fisheries. He is, however, too much of an enthusiast, and his prattling about his name (preface, p. iv), is quite ridiculous. If he produced sound information, he might rely on being attended to: "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet:" but in spite of these absurdities, his volume is replete with very valuable matter. With respect to the salmon, it is strange that "his habits furnish an exception to the general law of nature. He is unlike any other fish; being bred in

one element and existing in another. He cannot live in the sea alone or the fresh water alone, but requires to live alternately in each: the salt water and the river are alike absolutely necessary to his existence and procreation. What he feeds on in the sea no man knows; for he was there never known to take a bait, nor was any food ever found in his stomach.* In rivers, on the contrary, salmon take baits of several kinds. Mr. C., with perfect truth, adds, "The salmon is one of the most valuable fish we have; yet the law, as we have seen, is lamentably defective for its preservation; and, wonderful to say, mankind seem more bent on destroying the whole race of them than that of any other animal, even those which are most obnoxious. Of this there cannot be a stronger and more conclusive proof than their present scarcity, contrasted with their former abundance. Unless the salmon is protected by law, he must fall under the destroying arm of man, for he is as much in the power of man as sheep or oxen. It is not so with the sea-fish, they have a range more unrestrained. Man may by improper and injudicious conduct, diminish the number of these, but he cannot exterminate the species."

"The history of many places, particularly that of Chester, informs us, that salmon were once so plentiful, that masters were restrained by their indentures from compelling their apprentices to eat this fish more than twice a week; and there is now nothing wanting but an efficient law to render them as abundant as they were then. No natural cause exists to produce the present scarcity. - - -

"The fecundity of the salmon is very great, the roe of a single one amounting, as I have been informed by a person who counted it, to about 600,000. This experiment was made in the usual way, namely, by first weighing and then counting a certain portion, and afterwards weighing the whole mass. Yet this increase bears no sort of proportion to the number of pea in many other fish. The sturgeon produces the greatest number that I ever read of, being no less, according to Leuwenhoek, than 150,000 millions—an amount equal to that of all the inhabitants of the earth; the female cod-fish gives 9,340,000; and the common crab 4,334,000. The porpoise produces only one, and yet porpoises are more plentiful than sturgeons. There seems to be no positive general rule in Nature upon this subject: such is the extent and the variety of exceptions, that we are forced to the necessity of considering every animal distinctly and individually. What analogy proves to us, that if the claw of a crab be torn off another will supply its place; that the polypus may be cut in pieces, and yet the separated part shall produce a perfect animal; that superfecundation shall exist in some animals and not in others; and that a certain insect of the gnat genus shall repeatedly produce without any connection with the male; and a thousand other instances of exception operating against the general law of Nature? All prove to us, that we are to look for certainty to each animal individually, and that we shall seek in vain to elicit it from the similitude that one animal may bear to another. Nature seems upon all occasions as though she disdained shackles of rule, preferring to exhibit, in whatever view we contemplate her works, the unlimited and uncontrollable power of the Creator."

In pursuing his inquiries, Mr. Cornish insists upon individual cases where the salmon is wantonly destroyed; and inveighs against devices of traps, weirs, small-meshed nets, locks, mill-leats, &c. &c. which afford the fish hardly a possible chance of escape after they have once entered a river under the impulse of nature. In these they are taken when in season and out of season—in the former condition fetching high prices, in the latter poisoning the poor. But beyond all other means of destruction he denounces the spear.

"The use of that dreadful instrument the spear should also be abolished by every possible means, and even by measures of extreme severity, particularly in the river Dart, where it is principally employed. Like a deadly pestilence it destroys both bad and good; every thing dies before it; whatever the spear touches it kills, if it does not catch. Besides, it is never used by those who have a right to fish, but only by poachers, who would be so much better employed in a lawful and honest calling. This practice is one of the greatest encouragements to idleness, and all those bad habits which idleness and nocturnal employments create. When men are thus engaged all night, they cannot be very fit for labour by day. Nor is this all, for various other things are found to disappear besides salmon, when these gentlemen are at work. A great injury is also done to young timber; to avoid suspicion the spear-head is carried in the pocket, and for the shaft a young tree is cut down as soon as the game is seen; for carrying a spear pole in the hand might excite observation. Four years ago, a very large spear was in use, but they now use a well-tempered small spear, which is found to answer the purpose equally well, and can be better concealed. I was once an accidental witness to the fact of a large salmon being struck with a spear in the very act of spawning. It was an appalling sight to see the poor creature writhing in its agonies. I turned from it with disgust, deploring that such a barbarous practice should continue, which, for one unwholesome fish, was the means of destroying so many thousands, that, taken in their proper season, would be food to the poor, and a delicacy to the opulent. - - -

"Every other animal in the known world, requires, and obtains, rest and retirement during gestation, and at the time of bringing forth, and is allowed opportunity for the escape and growth of its young; but this harmless and invaluable creature, though warned by unerring instinct where to go, is first obstructed when its body from a state of pregnancy is ill able to combat obstruction, and delayed when delay is but another word for death; then hunted down like a wild beast, worried from place to place, unceasingly persecuted, and ultimately impaled alive on an iron spear, generally in the very act of spawning. Not even the shades of night, when most other animals seek and find respite from their persecutors, are to him any protection; watched and traced to his haunts by day, allured to certain places at night by means of fires, he falls an easy victim to his more cunning and unfeeling destroyer, at a moment when he expects no mischief, and when he should meet with no molestation. Should he miraculously save himself from such impalement, what then awaits him? he is taken in a trap river, returning to the sea; starved by being imprisoned in a mill-stream; or pines to death for want of that element

which Providence has made necessary to his prosperity, his increase, and his existence. Such is the true state of the salmon fisheries."

Though, as we have remarked, a little enthusiastic, there is no want of truth in these descriptions; and loudly do the evils referred to demand a remedy. Fish ought to have free egress and regress in all rivers; the close-time or spawning season should be extended to the full period which it is ascertained to occupy; the use of the spear by night should be prohibited; the young fry should be protected; and the waters which the fish frequent should be kept as pure as possible from lime, flax-steeping, and the influx of deleterious substances.

The author relates some curious facts relative to the identity of salmon with salmon-peal and gillse: but though there are strong reasons for believing them to be the same species, we cannot say that we are yet complete converts to that opinion. The pairing of salmon, the mode of depositing the spawn, and other interesting particulars, are also treated of with much ingenuity. With the crow, pairing is said to be "for life, the cock and hen never separating, but when either loses his mate the survivor enters upon perpetual celibacy." How it is with fish, no one can tell, but the following is the most circumstantial account we have met with of the procreation of the salmon. George Little, Esq., in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons (see Report), says, they "make a furrow in the gravel in the current twelve feet by eight or ten; male and female throw themselves on their side and worked one against the other; continued thus many days; if frightened would go away and return again; take many days before the spawning is completed; known them forsake their spawning beds; the bed or furrow is covered as they proceed; both assist, and while in the act of depositing the spawn, male gets a hard bill on the under jaw; decreases after spawning; spawn generally begin to rise about the beginning of March; spawn rise from the bed like a crop of oats or a thick bryard of grain, rushing up all round the stones in very great numbers; * the tails come up first; part of the pea sticks about their heads."

When in the sea the salmon is also sadly persecuted. Mr. Halliday relates, that "he has seen the porpoises catching the salmon till they were quite gladdened with them, and then they would play with them by throwing them into the air, and catching them again before they reached the water, as a child would amuse itself with a ball. I believe Mr. Halliday quite mistakes this matter. It is very true the porpoise throws his prey up into the air and catches it again, yet this does not proceed from satiety or wantonness, but from necessity; he cannot, from the position of his month, take his prey under water, but forces it to the surface, when it springs out of the water, and he takes it on its return. This information I had from a person this day (15th Sept.) who said he had

* The increase of fish is said to be in the following proportion: a flounder of 2 ounces contains 133,407 eggs or spawn; one of 24 ounces, 1,357,403. Herrings weighing from 4 ounces to 5½, from 21,285 to 35,900. Lobsters from 14 to 35 ounces, contain 21,000. Mackerel 20 ounces, 454,961. Prawn about 3½ oz. Shrimps from 2840 to 6807. Smelts from 11,411 to 38,278. Soal of 5 ounces, 38,772; one of 14½ ounces contains 100,302. To which may be added the cod, which produces 3,686,704; and a ling 19,248,625. — Note from Tegg's Chronology, or Historian's Companion, recently published. 12mo. pp. 312.

seen it done thousands and thousands of times. It is well known that all rapacious animals have a peculiar method of taking their prey; a lion will not spring on a horse till it turns, nor the cat on a rat; the goshawk strikes by a side shot, some other hawks by flying under, and some again by flying above; the shark turns on his side; this habit of the porpoise was new to me until this day, nor is it mentioned in any book. It is, thus, not an act of wantonness, but of necessity."

We are glad to find that so able a champion as our author has taken the poor salmon under his protection; certainly much may be done for them, and at the same time for the sustenance of the people of Great Britain.

With regard to the Channel Fisheries, we shall only notice, that in defiance of all existing Acts of Parliament, the grossest abuses prevail. Trawlers every where "fish with nets, in the bag of which the fish are caught and suffocated; having a mesh so small as to take fish not larger than a sixpence; and that close upon the shore, where the young fry principally swarm, without the least regard to the law of the land, or to any one single thing but what they very injudiciously suppose to be their own private interest. From the smallness of the mesh the consequence is that the bag of the net is so completely choked with mud, sand and sea-weed, that nothing but water can pass through. The effect of this pernicious practice must be so self-evident to every man's senses, as to require neither reasoning or proof to convince him of the national mischief that it must of necessity produce. Thousands of millions of young fish, and the roe of fish of all the best qualities, are thus destroyed, contrary to the intent of the present law, and for want of an effectual one to check the evils complained of."

Mr. Cornish gives the draught of a new statute, which he contends would check all the destructive and inhuman practices of which he complains; and in the meantime warmly recommends "an energetic exertion to carry those laws (at present in force) into execution by aid of a public association, from which a great deal of good might arise; yet, as they now stand, neglected and unenforced, and the right of the public imperfectly ascertained, it is no wonder that salmon are as scarce and as dear as we find them. To make the laws as complete as the nature of the thing will admit, it is absolutely necessary that a new act should be passed, embracing the whole subject altogether, repealing the general act of the 58th of the late king, and the local acts for the Dart, Plym, and Teign, and all local acts whatever. As the law of nature is the same at all places, so ought to be the law of the land to give nature proper effect. The whole law upon the subject, then, might be brought under one view, and comprised in one act, without perplexing the magistrate in making him turn to different acts, and find out what he wants by piece-meal, running the risk of frustrating the administration of justice, by quashing a conviction, or entangling him in frivolous minutiae."

Cordially do we wish him success in his patriotic efforts. We have not met with any writer more zealous for a public benefit, and we feel that he deserves the thanks of the community.*

* Note.—Among incidental topics, which did not fall within the frame of our Review, we are induced to notice the following. Mr. C. says the thrush lines his nest with mud or earth, the blackbird with small fibres of

roots. Is it not the reverse? He relates also this remarkable story, if it can be relied on:

"Trout confined in ponds never breed, but grow to a great size. But what will the world say to the following fact, for fact it is, because my informant, a man of credit, will verify it on oath; and he has no interest in saying what is untrue. Though it is a common saying, that one had better tell a probable lie than an improbable truth, yet a truth should never be withheld because it is improbable. The fact related is this.—A few years ago my informant says that he, with two more, caught two salmon in rather a poaching way; one of the fish weighed six pounds, which they gave to their assistant; the other was a very large fish of about 20 pounds weight, both apparently in high and seasonable condition. He and his companion kept the large fish, and divided it; the head part happened to fall to his share; the fish was a female, and had a great quantity of pea, but they were not in a very forward state, being about the size of swan shot. The next day his wife boiled part of this fish for their dinner, but it was not eatable; it looked like glue; the appearance was enough to turn a man's stomach; and it was of course thrown away. He was displeased with his wife for not having boiled it properly; but she maintained that she had dressed it as she had always dressed salmon before. He then inquired of his companion how his part of the salmon turned out, and was answered, that it was good for nothing, and totally unentable. He was then convinced that the fish was out of season; this was in the month of September; and he immediately buried what remained, the fish and the pea, in his dunghill. He did this as secretly as possible, being ashamed lest any one should discover such a thing in his possession.—After this he thought no more of the buried fish, concluding that the whole would rot and perish. About two months afterwards, he sold the heap of dung to a person of the town, who sent a man with a horse to carry it into his field for manure. By the time this man had dug a little way into the heap of dung, the fellow began to hop and caper about, crying 'Snakes' eggs! snakes' eggs!'—and laid about him in all directions with his shovel, to crush and destroy them. He had himself no idea but that they really were the eggs of this reptile, which it is well known deposits them in dunghills; but presently after, the head of the salmon and the back bone made their appearance. These eggs were full as large as the top of a man's finger; they must, then, have grown there to that size, from the bigness of swan shot; from what causes it must be conjectured. It is to be lamented that here the fact ends, and that an examination of some of the eggs had not taken place; but such was not the case. Still it must appear very wonderful to every one, that the pea of the fish, under such circumstances, should have retained life for such a length of time, and have grown so very considerably. As to ultimate consequences, there can be little doubt, but that if these eggs had been suffered to remain in the dung for the space of time that they usually remain in the sand-beds in the water, they must have been all adults. The only inferences which I draw from this fact are, first, that the eggs continue to grow after they are laid, and until they are vivified by the heat of the sun; and secondly, that they attain a size equal to the production of a fish three inches in length. I need not add, that they are very little larger than this when we become first acquainted with them in the character and under the name of fry, and see them making the best of their way down the rivers towards the sea."

A postscript adds:—"They were about the size of a magpie's eggs; of a reddish colour; not oval, but perfectly round; in number a great many hundreds, whereas a snake only lays about 15 or 16; that he did not examine their contents particularly, though he observed they contained a liquid matter; and that such as were not destroyed he carried away in the dung."

The Museum: a Poem. By John Bull. 8vo. pp. 75. London 1824. Taylor & Hessey. This Poem consists of melancholy and rather disconnected philosophical musings upon the relics which are found in the British Museum. It is unequal as a composition, and not so interesting to the human heart as it might have been made upon so copious a theme for pathetic recollections and moral reflections. Of the writer's talent, however, the following two stanzas cannot fail to convey a favourable impression.

O could we meet the spirits of the past!
If ever in this temple they are seen; [cast
What floods of knowledge might their legends
Over these shades of glory which hath been!
How might we, from their tales of sorrow,
glean [vain!
Hints of lost truths which learning seeks in
Discover what those mystic writings mean,
Engraven deeply in the granite's grain,
Yet, wrapp'd in grave-like gloom, secure from
light remain!

Perchance, if we could join such ghostly throng,
Their thrilling whispers might in part make known

To whom the embalmed effigies belong,
O'er which the pall of silence hath been thrown,
Whilst years and ages o'er the world have flown,
And look'd on empires into deserts made,
And deserts into mighty empires grown,
All since those bodies were in shrouds array'd,
Still standing on the earth, though dead, yet undecay'd!

Si sic omnes our notice must have been less qualified; but we cannot pass, without blame, a stanza (38 Canto 1.) in which "thence," "hence," and "whence," are three of the rhymes: nor can we approve of such a phrase in solemn poetry as "Turn in."

Turn in and speak not, for the dead reside,
Shrined in their own bright works, within this place!

Would not "approach," or a similar word, have been preferable to this ludicrous association? We shall mark but one bad example of expletive.

the tears
Dropt o'er the vanities of other days
Are gracious as the dew of twilight spheres,
Which, though in darkness born, the soul it cheers!

Yet the stanza preceding this is beautiful:

Here let ambition pause, that blazing star
Whose fervent path with quenchless heat doth
As when hot Noon, upon her sultry car, [burns
Rides o'er the panting world! Here let her learn
To drink cool wisdom from the dead man's urn—
That marble cup which Nature fills with tears,
As her sweet children to the dust return;
Struck down in youth, or from the mount of
years, [compeers!
Where, full of fame, they stood beside their brave

The conclusion of the following is also highly poetical:

Nature and art their treasures here combine;
And marbles, and sepulchral vases, meet,
Beneath this roof, with fruits of many a mine—
Jewels, and minerals, that grace the feet
Of monarch mountains.

The second canto, which is much longer than the first, whence these extracts are made, resembles it in graces and defects; but we have exhibited enough to illustrate *The Museum*.

Wanderings of Childe Harold. A Romance of real Life, &c. &c. By John Harman Bedford, Lieut. R.N. 12mo. 3 vols. London 1824. Sherwood, Jones, & Co.

From the title of this book we were prepared to expect something like the story of a late noble Poet's adventures while he travelled in foreign countries; and the author is even hardy enough to state, in his preface, that many of the events "passed in review before his own eyes." Of course we would not venture to doubt the veracity of a gentleman who, if the name given in the first page be not altogether a *ruse*, bears his Majesty's commission; but we have no hesitation in saying, that if any parts of his narrative are founded on facts, they are so perverted by absurdities, anachronisms, and exaggerations, as to lose all claim to consideration. What, for instance, shall be thought of his intelligence, who makes Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire, a feudal castle in the Northern Highlands of Scotland; who represents Lord Harold (as he chooses to call him) as a gallant Cavalier, on intimate terms with Nelson, while cruising in the Bay of Naples, at the period when the former was about leaving school for College;

and who, in short, scarcely relates one incident which could by possibility occur—confounds dates and persons in the most admired disorder, and when he does allude to realities, to give a colour to his romances, disfigures them in such a manner as to destroy the character of truth, without imparting the charm of fiction. Well might the epigram on another author be applied to him:

At war with truth, reason, and facts all,
Misplacing, misdating, misquoting, mistating,
Here lies—

the writer of a paltry work which has no one good quality to recommend it to public approbation.

The style is indifferent, and often ungrammatical: the adverbs being particularly ill used. The descriptions of a string of intrigues, so far from being harmless, as is pretended, are calculated to produce nothing but laxness of manners, and corruption of morals. The characters are badly drawn, and the pseudo portraits like any thing but their originals. The "real life" which alone could have imparted interest to such a performance, is a farrago of invention; and, in short, the Wanderings of Childe Harold present no merits to rescue them from contempt and oblivion.

THE SPANISH MAGAZINE.

THOUGH the Castilian language has not yet become, like the French and the Italian, an indispensable part of a liberal education, its study has within these few years made considerable progress in this country. No slight proof of that progress is the high value which Spanish books of almost every description have acquired in the literary market, and the printing of works of that language by the English press. Mr. Ackermann has just published the fifth Number of his *Variedades o Mensajero de Londres*, which completes the first volume of that well-conducted work. The title-page of this last Number bears the name of "the Rev. Joseph Blanco White," to whom, in consequence of our acquaintance with *El Espanol*, published more than ten years ago, and Doblado's Letters, we had from the beginning been induced to attribute the Editorship. Those who have these earlier productions of the author, will find the same spirit of candour and moderation on political, and of judicious observation on literary subjects continued in the *Mensajero*. But besides what may be called the material of the articles, this journal possesses another very important recommendation in the pure Castilian style of Mr. White, which is remarkable for its clearness and intelligibility,—qualities with which, as they are not very common, the foreign reader will always be glad to meet, and from which he will derive no slight benefit, if his knowledge of the Spanish tongue be incipient, and his wish to cultivate it earnest. Among the literary contents of this Number, there is another article from the *Conde Lucanor*. It is the romantic story of the Dean of Santiago, who having applied to Don Illan of Toledo for instruction in necromancy, is by the art of the magician made to believe that a short space of time is a long series of years, in the course of which he becomes an Archbishop, a Cardinal, and Pope; and is at last punished for the ingratitude he shows to his teacher, by finding the delusion dispelled, and himself again amidst books, globes, and planetary projections, in the little cell under the Tagus, before the partridges which had been ordered

for supper were ready for the spit. Mr. White has, along with this story, given from the Turkish Tales, that of the Sultan of Egypt and Sheek Chahabiddin, which he considers the prototype of the Dean of Santiago; and has prefaced both with a sensible article on illusions of the imagination.

We are glad to find in this Number a continuation of the interesting History of the Embassy from Henry III. of Castile to Tamerlane, an account of which we have already inserted.* It also contains a fourth "Letter from England," giving a fine picture of the moral and religious state of the country, and an interesting article on Mr. Wiffen's excellent translation of Garcilaso de la Vega. The plates deserve the same commendation as has been bestowed on those which adorned the former Numbers. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Marquess of Lansdown. But we must conclude by observing, that the *Mensajero* now forms a volume, which, we think, cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to Spanish readers, both in this country and abroad.

* See Literary Gazette, No. 392, July 24th, 1824.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Alice Allan, and other Tales,* purport to be written from facts which have come "within the author's own observation," therefore they must be probable, even if not possible. One, for example, is of a gentleman committed for forgery, who escapes from gaol by the simple means of being packed in a hamper-basket and carried out by his friends!! After this evasion, the hero arrives in America, gains the highest honours in the republican army, and becomes the friend of Washington. His wife then joins him, and the tale concludes with representing him as "truly blest in his distant home," and surrounded by a family blessing him by their talents and honourable lives. According to his own confession, his former criminal conduct has had no other effect than to "throw a tinge of melancholy over his character;" and he bids a friend "not to think that he is unhappy," adding, "If I weep it is from a sense of gratitude for the blessings that surround my table." Such is the moral of this tale; a moral well suited to the present age, in which a morbid commiseration for guilt, proceeding from a laxity of virtue, is mistaken for a love of mercy.

"The Introduction to London" winds up the volume. This tale is by far the longest, taking up more than half the work, and to us appeared proportionably tedious. The hero is a young Irish student at law, who on his first coming to London is obliged to support himself by writing for magazines and newspapers. He becomes idle and dissipated, loses four hundred pounds at the roulette table, and is finally thrown into the Bench. The lady to whom he is attached, the daughter of a Baronet, releases and marries him. Ladies, we believe, are not very severe in criticising novels, but we do not think they will feel much interest in the adventures of a gentleman, who to insult his rival treads "violently" on his toes at a ball; and who is discovered by his mistress with her waiting-maid on his knee. "This accident," we are told, "brought upon McNeil the high displeasure of Lucy, which continued for two entire days." Mr. Wilson is said to be a barrister: his work does not appear to have

been written by a person of that rank in society. We here meet with no traces of refinement or delicacy, and many parts savour of the vulgar.

My Children's Diary, or the Moral of the passing Hour,* is very neatly got up, and inculcates the purest morality and religion. It is more serious than such works usually are; but the author states that it is rather intended for the age of twelve or fourteen than for earlier years. It will be read with advantage by all who take pleasure in relaxations which are not merely amusing but instructive.

* Darton & Harvey. 12mo. pp. 343.

An Epitome of the History, Laws, and Religion of Greece, designed for the Use of Young Persons, by Thomas Stackhouse,† is very commendable: diligence is displayed in the compilation of this useful little volume, which is not only well digested but highly creditable to the intelligence and research of its author. Potter and the Abbé Pluche appear to be his leading authorities; and though the latter is somewhat speculative, he could not, upon the whole, have relied upon better guides. The part devoted to the Greek mythology is, at any rate, made infinitely more entertaining by the application of the ingenious Abbé's key. The volume is to be classed with those excellent productions which have recently become so instrumental to the improvement of youth, in a way which at once instructs and interests.

† 12mo. pp. 288. London 1824. Tegg.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.—IX.

THE adoption of children is a singular custom among the Esquimaux. In noticing the death of a young man who was the adopted son of the conjuror Tooloomack, Mr. Fisher observes—"The custom of adopting children appears to be very common amongst these people, there being scarcely a family without an adopted son in it; and from what I have seen, these adopted children are taken as much care of by their foster parents as their own offspring. The old Angekok had three or four sons of this description, one of whom is married, and another, a little boy, whom he is now bringing up. These adopted children are generally orphans, but this is by no means invariably the case, for there are some here whose parents are still living, and yet they have been given away by them. The compact of adoption seems to be so binding on all the parties concerned, that the parents, and the offspring whom they have thus given away, take no more notice of one another than if they were total strangers. Those who surrender their children, are induced to do so, I believe, from being in distressed circumstances, or from having more than they can fairly rear. The object of those who adopt them seems evidently to be the having children to provide for them in their old age, especially if they should have no sons of their own. Notwithstanding the prevalence of this custom, I have not met with a single instance of the adoption of a girl; from which circumstance I conclude, that those who have the misfortune to lose their mothers when young, not unfrequently come to an untimely end, as we had some reason to suppose would have happened to the child which died on board our vessel a few days ago, had its father been allowed to dispose of it as he wished."

The 5th of February 1823 was a remarkably

* By A. Wilson. 12mo. 1 vol. Whittaker.

fine day; "for (says our author) although the thermometer in the shade stood at two degrees below Zero, the sun had such influence that it melted a little of the snow which lay on the black part of the ship's quarter that faced the south,—a circumstance we were all happy to witness, it being the first appearance of thaw this season. This change, transitory as it may be, seems to be hailed with much pleasure by the Esquimaux, as well as by ourselves. Some of them talk of soon travelling to the southward; and one of the tribe had the effrontery to tell us that in their journey in that direction this summer, they intended to dig up the men we buried at our last winter quarters, in order to get the coffins. This is probably only a sort of threat to induce us to give them something to desist from the undertaking; for had they really intended to put it in execution, I do not think they would have told us of it. But whatever their intentions may be, I am certain they will not accomplish their object, the ground where our people were buried being so firmly frozen by this time, that without better instruments than the Esquimaux possess, it will be impossible to dig the coffins up.

"8th. We have lately been trying the velocity of sound, by firing a gun at the distance of about two miles off; and from what I can learn, the interval of time which elapsed between seeing the flash and hearing the report, was generally about nine seconds, being twenty-two beats of a watch which beats five times in two seconds. From these data it would seem that the velocity of sound is somewhat greater in this climate than in England. But it appears to me that the distance at which these experiments were performed was too short to draw any conclusive inference from them. . . .

"10th. We have had but few visits from the Esquimaux of late, for they have now all left the bone huts for the ice, and have erected snow huts at the place where those who went away some time ago took up their quarters. On their removal they had the inhumanity to leave a poor sick woman, (the widow of one of the men lately deceased,) in a deserted hut, where she had been shut up by herself for some time previous to their departure. It is almost unnecessary to say, that from so deplorable a situation she was removed to the ship, with two or three more who were unwell. The case of this poor woman appeared to be the most distressing of any of them, for besides being sick, she had been robbed by her husband's relations of every thing that belonged to her. It seems to be the common custom amongst the Esquimaux for the relations of the deceased to deprive his relict of every thing that is worth taking; so that an Esquimaux widow may truly be said to be an object of pity, especially if she should have no son to provide for her, or be too old to get another husband."—[She died soon after.]

"16th. The temperature to-day being forty degrees below Zero, I availed myself of this opportunity of making a ball of quicksilver, which soon congealed in a common bullet-mould, and appeared as round and perfect as if made of silver. When I found it was quite hard, I fired it at a piece of fir board 7-8ths of an inch in thickness, through which it went, making a perfectly round hole as if it had been a leaden ball.* The distance was

* "I understand that the same experiment has since been tried with fluid quicksilver, which also went through a piece of board."

only twelve yards; but I am fully persuaded that at a much greater distance it would have done the same execution. After passing through the board it struck against a piece of ice, which shattered it into innumerable small pieces, or rather into small globules, for the heat excited by the blow melted it."

The Esquimaux were now all employed in getting provisions; and Mr. F. says—

"An old man who was on board to-day, gave us a very minute description of the manner of taking different animals. The seal is pierced with a spear, which they throw with the right hand, holding in the left the line that is fast to the spear-head, by which they hold the animal. The walrus is speared in the same manner, but being a much stronger animal, they are obliged to sit down, take a turn of the line round their body, and get their feet to bear against a hummock of ice, to prevent being dragged into the water by it. But as all these plans are frequently insufficient, they always endeavour to make the line fast to a hummock of ice. When they strike them in the water, they have an inflated seal skin fastened to the end of the line, which tends to exhaust the walrus until they can venture near enough to dispatch it. But they seem to be very much afraid of these animals when in the water, and therefore seldom attack them in that element. When found (as is common in the summer) lying on small pieces of ice, they get on another piece themselves, which they manage to paddle close to that on which the animals are; and having previously made the line fast to the ice, they jump on the piece to the walrus, and spear them. The animals immediately take to the water, but instead of being at liberty, find themselves fast to the ice, so that they can in that situation be dispatched with ease and safety, being unable to reach their enemy. They spear the bear while he is attacked by their dogs; and, as in the case of the walrus, they make the line that is attached to the spear-head, fast to the ice, which restrains the bear from pursuing them. The kabiaghio, or animal which we suppose to be the wolverine, is taken in traps, it appears, and they secure it by throwing a noose round its neck when so confined."

Another Esquimaux woman died in March, and our countrymen discovered, among their ceremonies, that for four days after no sledge came near the place; also that the relatives for a period abstained from certain meats and parts of animals (such as the walrus' kidneys, seals' or bears' heads, &c.) The husband of the dead visited her grave (as others in similar situations had done) on the third day, and walked round it.

† "The spear-head is about four inches and a half in length, and is made in such a manner, having one end a little longer than the other, as to turn across in the wound, and by that means seldom draws."

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—A late periodical publication having extracted a passage from Captain Cochrane's Journal of his Travels through Russia, which comments on my design of penetrating into Siberia, I am induced to request the favour of you to insert in your valuable *Gazette* the following reply to the observations of that gentleman; as I apprehend that so extensive a diffusion of sentiments, which hold me up as a Quixotic adventurer, and incapable of gaining correct information, may tend to excite an unfavourable impression on the minds of the public, as to the motives which led me

to undertake and accomplish so arduous a journey, as well as the fidelity of my description of it. I feel myself the more especially called upon to endeavour to obviate any such tendency, as the results of the journey in question are likely to be soon brought before the public.

In the first place, however, I beg to remark that I cannot divine the state of feeling by which Captain C. was actuated while writing the passage in question, which appears to be composed of compliment and sarcasm, mixed up with an affectation of pity, and intimations that whatever information I might collect must be of a spurious character.

Great as the affliction may be, Mr. Editor, which I sustain from the total loss of my powers of vision, I beg to state that I neither seek for nor desire the pity of any man; and although I by no means reject the sympathy of my friends, yet I feel that if it were not expressed with greater delicacy of sentiment than Captain C. appears to possess, it would be more chilling to my heart than the freezing blasts of a Siberian winter.

Captain C. cannot conceive my object "in going to Siberia." A question of similar import has frequently been put to me with respect to the motives that induced that gentleman to undertake the same journey; and I must confess I have been equally at a loss to account for them,—a fact which might convince the Russian Government that we were not, as has been intimated, acting in concert. He adds, however, I suppose by way of a reverse explanation, that "he may go there as well as any where else, for he will see just as much; but there is so little to be seen by those who have even the use of their eyes, that I cannot divine what interest he can have to attempt it." Now as Captain C. admits there is little to be seen, I think my prospects were likely to be nearly as extensive as his own.

Captain C. then proceeds as follows:—"If his Journal, which may be made interesting, be composed of hearsay, as it certainly cannot be of ocular evidence, he will indeed have enough to do to record the information he may receive, and which can only proceed from exiles and criminals, and consequently is not implicitly to be relied on, particularly situated as he is, possessing hardly sufficient knowledge of the Russian language to duly appreciate the value of such hearsay information. His manuscript must become voluminous, and of course too bulky to be sent by private hands; it can only therefore be sent by post, where, without doubt, it will be subject to the examination of those whose duty it is to inspect documents of such a nature as this is likely to be, and will be treated according to its merit."

"In every country, even in England, we find that foreigners should be careful of what they write; if they wish their packets a safe arrival to their destination, they should take care that nothing offensive to the government be inserted, for frequently, as in England, truth is a libel, and the greater the truth the greater the libel. Whether Mr. Holman has already learnt this useful, and to travellers, necessary lesson, time will develop; if so, he may go where he will, and be received by every person in the empire with open arms and warm hearts."

The barrenness of these observations every one will be sensible of; they are however so contradictory in their import, that I am at a loss to conceive what we are to understand

from them. Captain C. asserts, for instance, that my information must be hearsay, when he has just accused me of not knowing the language, in which this hearsay information is to be communicated. Surely this is paradoxical! Besides he adds, that "it can only proceed from exiles and criminals, and consequently is not implicitly to be relied on." Are we to infer that Captain C.'s own information was derived from such sources? and if so, what becomes of the veracity of his Journal? I can only assure him that the chief of my gleanings have been collected from the purest sources,—the principal inhabitants of the countries I travelled through, as well as some of the most respectable Officers in his Imperial Majesty's service.

Captain C.'s speculations concerning the voluminous nature of my notes, and the necessity and difficulty of concealing them from the vigilant eye of the Russian Government, are equally futile, and show how improperly he estimated my judgment and experience in travelling; and also the method by which I preserve from such violation the materials I may happen to collect. The latter, it is true, I effect upon a principle which might not have entered into his contemplations, that of depositing them, in a portable and invisible form, within the cavity of my cranium; a plan which, however, did not suggest itself from any sinister motive, but originated from the peculiarity of my situation precluding me from committing them to paper in the ordinary way. Nor am I so young in the art of travelling as to comment on the proceedings of a despotic government, and then trust my observations to its post. Probably I might have learnt this useful lesson as soon as Captain C. himself, being some years his senior, and having, I conceive, had almost as much experience.

In justice to Captain C., I cannot conclude without expressing my grateful obligations to him for the information and useful introductions he was kind enough to furnish me with.

I remain, &c. &c. JAMES HOLMAN.
Windsor, Nov. 10, 1824.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ECONOMICS.

Heat, Motion, Food.—Boyce on the systems of warming and ventilating buildings is a slight but sensible pamphlet of 31 pages,* and well deserving of notice at this season, when Winter comes to rule the varied year.

Mr. Boyce exposes the slowness of improvement in this essential comfort of civilized life, and especially in our humid and changeable climate. He draws, however, quite a caricature picture of the enjoyments of a fireside, all the mechanism and appearances of which his plan proposes to supersede. This plan itself consists in the supply of warm air by means of a simple and safe apparatus, into the description of which we need not enter, as the pamphlet is so readily to be obtained.

Deyses on the defective state of the pavement of the metropolis,† is another brief pamphlet, in which the author recommends the laying of pavements on wooden arches. We cannot determine how this project would succeed; but should be glad to see any one adopted which would render our streets passable during six months in the year, which they seldom are, under the present system. What with Macadamizing, laying gas mains, mending water-pipes, and repairing holes, it

is almost a miracle to see any great thoroughfare open for four successive weeks. Carts and carriages, cattle, wagons, horsemen, &c. are all driven into unwonted ways, and quiet bye-alleys are utterly astonished by finding themselves suddenly turned into crowded passages, full of stops, noises and confusion. There are some useful practical remarks in Mr. Deyses' pamphlet.

Dr. Manning, on the shameful adulteration of bread,‡ asserts, that instead of being the staff to support life, as in the olden times, bread has, through the malpractices of those concerned in the trade, become, as it were, a bludgeon to destroy the human race. There is no question but that many abominable and deleterious impositions are committed in the manufacture of this important article, particularly in great cities. We look upon Mark Lane to be one vast den of roguery. Fictitious sales, fictitious bargains, fictitious returns, possess it wholly; and a gang of huge overgrown monopolists are thereby enabled to grind the faces of the poor, and fatten on enormous prices levied upon the other orders of society. One fact is worth a tome of reasoning for the exposure of so flagrant a system. The average of the price of barley at the last quarterly making-up, was 38s. 5d.; had it been 1s. 7d. more, i. e. 40s. per quarter, the ports would have been opened. But this return shuts them for three months, that is, till next February; and in the time, barley rose, within two days of striking the average, (between the Friday and Monday,) to above 49s. per quarter! If this needs a comment, we dare say the principal brewers, the princes of this age, can give it.

† G. Smeeton. pp. 14.

FRENCH PATENTS.

A ROYAL French Ordonnance, bearing date the 13th of October, and enumerating the Patents of invention, improvement, and importation, granted during the third quarter of 1824, announces that the under-mentioned persons have had their patents completed during the last quarter:*

1. M. Jauge, rue neuve du Luxembourg, for the importation and improvement of a process, and of apparatus for extracting salts out of the liquids which contain them.
2. M. Tourasse, mechanician, for the improvement of and addition to his patent of invention, for a new system of steam-boats and steam apparatus.
3. M. Coutagne, cloth-manufacturer at Vienna, for a machine for cutting into chips all sorts of wood used in dyeing.
4. M. Selligie, engineer, residing in Paris, for a printing-press, capable of being kept in constant movement by any species of force, and adapted for printing on both sides, with as much perfection as the cylindrical presses hitherto used for that purpose.
5. M. Thevenin, manufacturer of calico at Lyon, for a mechanical loom for weaving cotton, wool, silk, hemp, &c.
6. M. Hanchett, residing at Versailles, and acting both in his own name and that of Mr. Smith, of London, who state their domicile at Paris to be at the house of Messrs. Daly and Robinson, rue de Provence, to whom a patent was granted the 1st of July last, for the importation and improvement of an apparatus, and a process for compressing gas, and for the vases and lamps in which it is compressed and consumed in lighting; and also for their valves for allowing the entrance and escape of the gas.

* Patents may be taken out by paying half the premium; but the patents not definitively granted until the whole be paid, which must be within six months.

7. M. Leroy Barre, mechanician at Sedan, for two machines for napping cloth, one of which performs the operation twice, and the other four times without stopping.

8. M. Pascal, for the invention of a wig, which adapts its form to all parts of the head by means of an elastic spring.

9. M. Bard and M. Bernard, both residing in Paris, for the manufacture of hats with wool and silk, to which hats they give the name of *antifetres*.

10. Mr. Badnall, residing at Leek, in Staffordshire, in England, and represented at Paris by M. Truffaut, rue St. Lazare, for a third patent of improvement and addition to the patent of importation and improvement granted him for 15 years, for machines, apparatus, and process for tanning, with an economy of time, materials, and labour, hides and skins of all descriptions, by forcing the tanning liquor to pass through them by means of pressure.

11. M. Hammal, residing in Paris, for the importation and improvement of machines and apparatus for extracting the silk from the silkworm, for folding, twisting, and winding it upon quills, all by one operation.

12. Messrs. Fisher and Horton, founders and engineers, residing at West Bromwich, in Staffordshire, in England, and represented by Mr. Brookes, whose domicile at Paris is rue St. Honoré, No. 149, for the importation of and improvements in the construction of boilers and furnaces employed in making steam for the use of machines of all descriptions.

13. M. Badeigts de Laborde, for the invention and improvement of an apparatus, and a process for purifying and extracting the essence of turpentine and other resinous substances, and for the employment of the residue of the said materials in the making of artificial granite.

14. M. Laiguel, of Paris, for the improvement and addition to his patent of invention, of a machine, which he calls *thermanimique*, for making considerable use of the heat that is now lost in the funnels of chimneys.

15. Mr. Sargent and Mr. Hodgkin, residing in Paris, for the importation and improvement of a process for making and drying bricks, tiles, and other potter's ware.

16. M. Cadet de Metz, for an apparatus for teaching astronomy, to which he gives the name of *route uranique*.

17. Messrs. Lunel, Genus, & Co., gloves at Chaumont, for the importation and improvement of a machine for sewing gloves.

18. M. Maenyaac, for a process for manufacturing hats with the feathers of fowl.

19. M. Saint-Maurice, paper-merchant, for a process, to which he gives the name of *mineralogique*, for the preparation of mineral ores, and for applying, fixing, and incrustating them on all metals, matters, and substances.

20. M. Perceur, Manager of the Royal Conservatory of Arts and Sciences, for a means of regulating the speed of all movers, the force of which is derived from the wind, water, steam, &c.

21. M. Maignen, of Paris, for an improvement and addition to a portable instrument, to which he gives the name of *fixe-louge*, for fastening horses in a manner to prevent their injuring or entangling themselves.

22. M. Chaay, manufacturer at Sedan, for a machine for manufacturing the beams of scales.

23. M. Trinquart-Duclos, for the invention of shoes for keeping the feet warm, to which he gives the name of *chaussures à rechauffoir*.

24. Messrs. Gasnier & Co., of Paris, for the improvement and addition to the Patent of invention taken out by Madame Dutillet, who has ceded her rights to them, for a process for making artificial marble.

25. M. Jalabert, of Paris, mechanician, for mechanical apparatus for transporting hydrogen gas in a compressed state.

26. M. Pottet-Delusse, gunsmith, for the manufacture of a gun, which is loaded at the breech.

27. M. Lemoine, for the improvements in his invention of a machine for grinding colours.

* Published by Wetton.

† Published by J. Taylor. pp. 16.

28. Messrs. Payen & Co., for the invention of a substance partaking of the nature of charcoal, to be employed in removing the colour from syrups, in refining sugar, &c.

29. Messrs. Borgleteau & Co., of Poitiers, for an apparatus, which they call *transvaseur*, or portable pump, for removing wine or other liquids from one vessel to another.

30. M. Susse, for the improvement in his patent of importation of a lead pencil with a durable point.

31. M. Mombet, druggist, for the importation of a process for the preparation of a sort of sugar called *azucarillos*.

The number of Patents published in this Ordinance amounts to 61. The above are the most interesting and important.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 27.—On Thursday, the following Degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rev. J. H. Hogarth, Wadham Coll. grand componder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. Procter, Michel's Fellow of Queen's Coll.; Rev. F. Ronch, St John's Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Hopkinson, Queen's Coll.; Rev. A. W. Schomberg, Magd. Hall; W. H. England, Pembroke Coll.; T. D. Legard, Magd. Coll.; W. J. Butler, Demy of Magd. Coll.; A. Grenfell, Scholar of University Coll.; R. Hoblyn, Scholar of Balliol Coll.

ROYAL SOCIETIES.

ON St. Andrew's Day, the *Royal Society* observed its Anniversary. The Copley medal has been adjudged to Dr. Brinckley, the able astronomer, of Dublin; being thus the second votary of the science of Astronomy who has received it in succession, for last year it was given to Mr. Pond. The President, Sir H. Davy's address, chiefly dwelt upon this subject. He alluded to the difference of opinion between the two individuals thus honoured by the Society, respecting the parallaxes of the fixed stars, and the sonthings of others; and complimented them on the temper and liberality with which they carried on their controversy. It is, nevertheless, very curious that the medals should not only have been voted in favour of a particular study, but to the persons who maintain diametrically opposite opinions on several of its most remarkable questions. After the business of the day was over, about ninety members dined together at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

The *Royal Society of Literature* has resumed its meetings for the session 1824-5. A number of new members have been proposed; and several important works, presented by public bodies and individuals, been added to the Library. At the last ordinary meetings the papers read were—by Mr. Faber, on the religion, &c. of the ancient Mexicans; and by Mr. Frazer Tytler, on the introduction of Greek literature into England after the dark ages: the Rev. Archdeacon Nares, and Sir James Mackintosh, severally in the chair.

In the *Royal Society of Antiquaries*, Mr. Taylor Combe has resigned his office of Director, on account of indisposition; and is succeeded by Mr. Herschell, the son of Doctor Herschell, and himself a gentleman of the highest scientific attainments.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Judex damnatur. . . .

In the article *Austria*, in the last Edinburgh Review, the following errors have been pointed out to us by an intelligent correspondent:—

Page 301. The *Monachologia* (here written *Monocologia*) is represented as somewhat similar to the *Guerre des Dieux*, which appeared at the Revolution. It is obvious that the

reviewers never compared these books: the first, by the celebrated mineralogist Ignatius Born, is a satire on the monks, who are humorously described in the language of natural history, with all the methodical division of order, genus, and species of the Linnean system. It bears no resemblance whatever to the licentious and impious poem of Parry, which is, perhaps, the most execrable production that blasphemy can boast of. It may be creditable not to have read it; but then it should not be referred to. In the next sentence, it is said, "that the Emperor Joseph II. brought Plus vi., in 1786, a suppliant to his capital." The date is wrong; it was in 1782.

Page 304. The Austrian soldier, it is asserted, never sees his king at the head of an army; but Joseph II. was almost constantly at the head of his. "When Napoleon took possession of Vienna in 1809, he caused (it is stated, page 306.) the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, to be printed and circulated." This would be rather difficult of proof; indeed, I will undertake to say that he never did cause these works to be printed.

In page 311. Richelieu is described as the favourite of Louis XIV. who was only three years old, and had not ascended the throne at the death of the Cardinal. If meant for Louis XIII., Richelieu, though his minister, was surely not his favourite.

Wallenstein (page 312.) after saving the throne of Ferdinand III., is stated to have been assassinated by order of that Emperor; but Ferdinand III. did not ascend the imperial throne until three years after that general's death 1634-7: and from the days of Huss (1415), to that assassination (1633) there are above two centuries, not "a period of a century and a half," as is said 315.

"We ought to feel grateful (page 312.) to our illustrious Chatham, who, to control her (Austria's) fatal predominance, created during the last century a rival in Prussia." Surely, to oppose France, not Austria, was Chatham's aim. Had not the former, for the first time, coalesced with Austria and engaged in the confederacy against Frederic, the war would never have received the support of our great statesman. The policy of England has been to join, not to depress Austria.

It is hard to conceive how, in so narrow a compass, so many faults should have escaped a *professed critic*: they prove at least that the article was not written with coolness and reflection. With the object of the reviewer, as reprobative of the hostility of the house of Austria to the diffusion of knowledge and enjoyment of liberty, I fully accord; but his inferences are often unauthorised, and his exaggerations only tend to weaken his purpose.

In a cursory glance over the subsequent articles of the Review, I find (page 361.) an account of the short lived revolution brought about by Massaniello at Naples, ascribed to Robertson. In which of his works is it to be found?

And page 530, mention is made of the Abbé de Montesquieu: there is not, nor do I believe there ever was such a person. The Abbé de Montesquieu, no doubt, is meant.

The title of *Comte* is uniformly miswritten *compte* (account.) R.

FINE ARTS.

LORD BYRON.

A HEAD engraved in mezzotinto, by T. Lupton, after the portrait by T. Phillips, R.A. and published by Cooke.

We have had of late so much of Lord Byron in various *Literary* shapes, that it is some relief to have to notice an offering to his memory which is contributed by the *Arts*: and the rather, as if the term epic might be applied to a single portrait, that to which we now direct attention seems to us to be deserving of the epithet. Mr. Phillips' portrait of Lord Byron, among his portraits of a host of poets, is as well known to the lovers of art as any thing of the kind in the *atelier* of a first-rate painter can be known; but still it could not be familiar to the public generally. We therefore hail its appearance in the form of a print, and of a print executed in the best manner of which mezzotinto is capable. The breadth of light and shade in the countenance, and the depth and clearness of the drapery, we may say of the whole, furnish an example of the first order in this department of art. The coup-d'œil is altogether magnificent, and we really do not know when we have been more pleased with any production than we are with this, which gives us an extraordinary person in a style of extraordinary merit.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In correcting Mr. Buchanan's errors in a late Number of the *Literary Gazette*, permit me to point out one you appear to have fallen into yourself. You state, that the Great St. George painted by Rubens, was originally executed by him for King Charles the First, whose own portrait it represents: now, I find by the catalogue of that monarch's collection, drawn up by Vanderdoort, keeper of the cabinet, and published by Vertue 1757, the following entry at page 166:—"More pictures in store at Whitehall at this time, in the passage room, between the Banqueting House and the Privy Lodgings. No. 1. Done by Sir Peter Paul Rubens. Imprimis, The Great St. George which the King bought of Mr. Endymion Porter."! This fact is surely fatal to the assertion of its having been painted for the King. The succeeding article is curious:—"No. 2. Raphael Urbini. Item, In a slit deal wooden case, some two Cartoons of Raphael Urbini's, for hangings to be made by, and the other five are, by the King's appointment, delivered to Mr. Francis Cleane, at Mortlack, to make hangings by." In all probability, the tapestries now at Chatsworth in Derbyshire, are those which were then executed, although there is a slip added to one of them, which contains three or four figures which do not appear in the seven original Cartoons at Hampton Court. It is curious to remark, that in the appraisement made by order of the Commons, those very Cartoons were valued at only 300*l.* while a Madonna by Raphael was valued at and sold for 2000*l.*, a Sleeping Venus by Correggio at 1000*l.*, the Nine Triumphs of Caesar by Mantegna at 1000*l.*, the Twelve Emperors by Titian at 1200*l.*, and Eleven ditto by Giulio Romano at 1100*l.* The entire magnificent collection of pictures, statues, chasings, carvings, prints, &c. only amounted to 49,903*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* although it contained no less than 17 by Raphael, 11 by Correggio, 28 by Titian, 16 by Giulio Romano, 7 by Tintoretto, and an immense number of other pictures, many of which now form the chief gems in the continental collections. I am, Sir, &c.

Mornington Place, Nov. 24, 1824.

R. B.

Nude's Views of Cotegate and Parochial Churches in Great Britain, engraved by Le Keux, continue to appear in monthly Num-

bers, and to realise the expectations of its early promise. Nos. 9 and 10, for October and November, are now before us. The former has a delicate engraving of Great St. Mary's church, Cambridge; Kettering, Northamptonshire; St. Alban's Abbey; and an interior of Croydon: the latter presents us with four other views of the ancient and interesting abbey of St. Alban; all executed in a style which does honour to the artists. The church at Croydon, however, is hardly less an object of interest; for Croydon was a manor of the archbishops of Canterbury from the Conquest, and it was here that many of them spent their hours of retirement and expended their wealth on the architecture of the palace and church. The palace indeed is utterly defaced, but the church retains its primary appearance, as when (in parts) erected by Chichele, Courtenay, and other munificent prelates. Whitgift's monument, we are sorry to observe, displays one of those acts of modern Vandalic taste which disgrace so many of our churches. It is vilely daubed over with the coarsest paint. There are the tombs of several other archbishops of Canterbury in this church. The venerable church of St. Alban's is also disfigured by very recent buildings which abut against its walls, and spoil one of the most remarkable specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the kingdom. It is difficult to account for such want of propriety at an era when a feeling for the fine arts is becoming so general. But there are Goths of all countries, and in all ages.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A GENERAL OFFICER IN THE EAST INDIES.

His long extended life
The gun's loud voice hath told,
The breast that dared the battle-strife
Is motionless and cold!
The muffled drum's dull moan,
The requiem of the brave,
Hath woke the deep responsive groan
Above a warrior's grave!
Behold the crimson sky,
And mark yon setting sun,
How like that orb, once bright on high
Was he whose race is run!
He lies on his dark bed,
With cold unconscious brow,
For sleep's eternal spell is spread
Around his pillow now!
A few short moments' flight
Hath wildly changed his doom;
The worm shall be his bride to-night,
His home the cheerless tomb!
The midnight blast shall howl,
The dews his cold limbs steep,
The wolf and wild dog loudly growl,
Nor wake his dreamless sleep!
And vain the dirge of woe
That haunts his place of rest,
The spirit smiles in glory now,
In regions of the blest!

R.

CHANSON.

Were a warm, living man, my dear Kate, like the clay
Long centuries since from this breathing world
I might most unmor'd and quite quietly stay,
Mahomet like, balanc'd between earth and heaven.
But as 'tis not so, our caressings are wrong,
As all critics in love would declare had they seen us:
Thus, too much and too little 's the theme of
For there 's too much for Plato, too little for Venus.

TEUTHA.

SIMILIES.

I gaz'd upon the rippling stream,
The moon was clear and bright;
Across the tide a silv'ry beam
Fell on its waters white.
And Life, I said, is like that stream,
Which to the ocean flows;
And Love is like that silv'ry beam,
Which lights it as it goes.
The moon is gone—the rippling stream
Still hastens to the main;
Ah! Love is but a transient gleam,
And all is dark again.
Yon clouds that do the moon enclose,
Are o'er its brightness laid;
Ah! Life hath many clouds like those,
Our bright hopes thus to shade.

29th Nov.

S*****

MUSIC.

AMONG the recent musical publications which are calculated to instruct the judgment and improve the taste of this country (both very much needed,) we have to mention the volume published by Messrs Sainsbury & Co., and entitled Vocal Anthology. We formerly alluded to this work from its hearsay character; but since then, we have examined it and appreciated its value. The airs are admirably selected, and possess us with distinct ideas of the various styles of the greatest masters, and of the national music of Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Britain. The old tunes are set in a manner peculiarly delightful, that is, in their native simplicity and original beauty, not disfigured by tawdry ornament nor spoiled by the art of modern transposition and interpolation. "The boatie rows" is a delicious example of this; and altogether it is quite refreshing to listen to the melodies of this volume, which is a collection of the most charming pieces of every description which the genius of harmony has produced.

Though it is our firm intention in a very early Number of our Gazette to go more at large into the subject (in the review of a treatise just published,*) we may take occasion to notice here the laudable exertions of Messrs. Boosey to bring into England such sterling foreign compositions as may serve in some cases as tests of comparison or standards for criticism. Within the last few weeks we have seen from them Czerny's grand Polonoise, Nos. 1 & 2 of Amusemens de l'Opera, a pleasing selection from the latest continental operas and ballets; and No. 1 of Select Overtures by Hummel, containing the Prometheus of Beethoven. A spirited continuation of this course, which it is to be hoped the public will encourage, must obviously tend to the improvement of the British ear and school.

* The Elements of Vocal Science, by R. M. Bacon, a philosophical and entertaining inquiry applied to the modern practices of singing and composition.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

COLOGNE.

OF Professor Walraf, of Cologne, a Correspondent from that city writes us: "This venerable character is as bright an honour to the city as he has been one of its greatest benefactors in every thing connected with the preservation of its antiquities and works of art, the advancement of knowledge, and establishment of useful institutions. He has been a Professor in the College during the long space of 55 years, and continued to perform the various duties of his function, until age and infirmities compelled him to retire from this

sphere of his usefulness. He delivered lectures on the Fine Arts, Antiquities, and Botany; and nothing can exceed the enthusiasm he evinced in prosecuting his own researches, and in his desire to awaken in others a love of his favourite studies. I was favoured with an introduction to this gentleman; and it was sad to perceive that the now fast-expiring flame of his mental energies only serves to remind us of its original brightness. The multitude of things he has collected by his own individual exertions, and with the savings of a very moderate income, is surprising. For a few years past, indeed, the magistracy, giving effect to the unanimous sentiment of his fellow-citizens of all ranks, has assigned a sum annually at his own free disposal, for the purchase of antiquities, medals, pictures, and other similar objects, upon the condition which he himself tendered, of bequeathing his whole collections to the city. On one occasion he bought a quantity of medals, without having immediate funds to pay for them; but to enable him to do so within a time agreed on, he actually passed a whole winter without fire, except the little required by his servant for cooking his spare and frugal meals; and for bodily warmth, he remained in bed as much as possible in the intervals of his official duties. On the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship, a fête was given in his honour; and as a part of it, a procession took place to and from the cathedral, where divine service was celebrated, attended by the civil and military authorities, the clergy, the faculty of the college, the students, and others. It was quite a new spectacle in the history of the human mind, to see a private individual, a man of letters, honoured with a triumph for his civil virtues only. The crowd along the streets through which the procession passed received him with affectionate cheers.

The College, or Lyceum.—The building heretofore belonging to the Jesuits is appropriated to its use. One large apartment is filled with the Roman antiquities discovered in the town and neighbourhood, of which there are many interesting specimens of sarcophagi, altars, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions. In articles of glass, besides some pretty lachrymatories and large bottles found in cineraries, a small bason much engaged my attention. It is precisely of the size and form of the finger-glasses used by us after dinner; and thus one may say, there is nothing new under the sun, if it was used for the same purpose by the Romans. This elegant little vessel, too, bespeaks considerable perfection in the art of glass-making: the glass is thin, light, and of a deep orange tint, having a leaf ornament on the external surface, each leaf placed separately from top to bottom, and slightly inclining; they are not cut, the bason being cast with the ornament upon it.

School of Art.—The gallery attached to this comprises a numerous assemblage of indifferent pictures, almost all of the old German painters, with their odd mixture of absurdities and merits. These formed the principal materials with which the Professor illustrated his lectures on Art. He is an enthusiast for his native school, and pointed out attention to this and that specimen, with the manner of one who expects his hearers to join in the encomium. To illustrate the other schools, prints were employed as examples for the students; and there is a collection of

plaster casts, which every institution of the kind I have visited on the Continent has, including every subject of known excellence; some had already attained a set after the Elgin marbles. In the lecture-room hangs a picture by Rubens, which, in my humble judgment, merits a visit nearly as much as its more celebrated neighbour, the Martyrdom of St. Peter. It is the *Vision of St. Francis*, which formerly belonged to the church of Dominicans here. This fine production of the illustrious artist, to whom Cologne has the honour of having given birth, Professor Walraf secured by purchasing it from the French soldiers who ravaged these countries at the beginning of the revolutionary war. It represents the Saint after his crucifixion stretched on the ground, a group of angels hovering over and solacing him with the view of that immortality which was to be the reward of his sufferings. He is in the Franciscan habit, the wounds in his hands and feet still bleeding, and beside him is a friar of the order. The lively sentiment of divine hope, or rather certainty of that glory which awaits him, depicted in his death-pale countenance, enabling him to triumph over his bodily agony, the fore-shortening of the limbs as he lies extended, the fine disposition of the drapery, the handling even of the landscape, the light which, emanating from the celestial group, falls upon the principal figure and fixes the gaze of the spectator there,—all proclaim the genius of the great master.

I shall mention in this place a curious deception we experienced to-day, in what many of the Dutch painters prided themselves, exactness of imitation:—both my friend S. and myself were effectually taken in. In a corner of one of the apartments of the gallery stood what seemed to be an old card-rack, with divers ugly, dirty combs, small toothed as well as others, stuck in the pockets. After looking at the pictures awhile, we both almost simultaneously remarked, how odd it was that such unseemly objects should be there; but concluded that they must be a lot of antiques, left by accident or mistake in their present place instead of the museum of antiquities. At length, wishing to examine a comb of a singular shape and unusually large, I walked up to lay hold of it, when lo! it was a painting! The illusion was complete, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh. L.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday night, after the Opera of *Der Freischütz*, a new grand Oriental Drama was performed for the first time, called *Hafed the Gheber*. This little piece is founded upon Moore's poem of the Fire Worshipers, but the incidents of the original being too few for the purpose, and the catastrophe too horrid for stage representation, the author has necessarily been obliged to make many alterations and additions, and the plot is now comprised in the following detail:—The piece commences with a scene in which the Princess Hinda informs her confidante that she has fallen deeply in love with a youthful stranger, who has more than once visited her chamber in a mysterious manner, and whom she expects to see again that very night. Scarcely has she said this, when a slight noise is heard at the casement, and her lover, wrapped in a long cloak, leaps into the apartment and throws himself at her feet. This interview, which is short, is interrupted by her father,

Al-Hassan, who comes to announce to her that, in consequence of an attack he is about to make upon the Gheber's fortress, it is necessary that she should embark for her native country. This command is instantly obeyed, but a storm suddenly arises, and the vessel, struck by lightning, is seen to founder near the Gheber's Rock. The shipwreck, however, it afterwards appears, is a *deception*, as she has in reality been saved by Feramar, a Gheber chieftain, who is about to take possession of his prize, when the terrific Hafed, who is recognised as the lady's lover, disputes his right, and sends her back in safety to her father. The second act opens with the arrival of Hafed at Al-Hassan's court, disguised as the Prince of Circassia; but Feramar, who it seems has followed him, and is determined upon revenge, suddenly bursts in, reveals the whole affair, and the hero is of course consigned to a dungeon, and sentenced to die upon the following day. Here his case appears to be desperate, but Fadlahdeen, a sort of facetious courtier, by the management of the Princess, obtains admission to him, and after the performance of some old melo-dramatic tricks, such as changing keys, blowing out lamps, and getting behind pillars, finally assists him and his fair mistress in making their escape. Upon this being discovered, a pursuit after the fugitives is instantly commenced, and the piece concludes with an attack upon the Gheber fortress, the defeat of Al-Hassan, and, we believe, the union of the lovers; but of this we are not quite certain, as the fable is not very clearly developed, and the curtain fell before we could see "what friends were living and what dead." From this sketch it will be seen that this Oriental affair has little either of novelty or ingenuity to boast of. It will serve for a few nights to eke out the evening and amuse the children, and this from such pieces is as much as we can reasonably expect. Wallack, as the representative of Hafed, and Harley, as Fadlahdeen, exerted themselves most strenuously, and kept up, as much as lay in their power, the interest of the scene. The author is also greatly indebted to Mrs. West, Mrs. Waylett, and Mr. Terry, for the pains they took with their respective characters. The scenery, the greater part of which was exhibited in the *Enchanted Conqueror*, is good and striking; and the music, by Cooke and Horn, appropriate and agreeable.

On Wednesday, the Opera of the *Siege of Belgrade* was performed, in which Mr. Sapio made his first appearance upon any stage, in the part of the Seraskier. To pass a decided judgment upon a theatrical debutant the first time we see him is always a difficult and frequently an unjust mode of proceeding; because, we know that in all departments of the drama, and more particularly in the operatic, the novelty of the situation tends greatly to impair the powers of the performer and to weaken the effect he might, under other circumstances, have produced. With this reservation, therefore, we shall take leave to remark that this gentleman has many qualifications to fit him for the profession he has chosen: his figure is good, and his face by no means wanting in expression—his voice possesses sweetness and variety—his taste is refined, and his execution that of an accomplished musician. At the same time, however, we must observe that stage singing is an art by itself—an art which requires not only peculiar powers, but great practice, to bring it to perfection; and that Mr. Sapio's style,

with all its beauties, is not so dramatic as that of many persons who are very inferior to him in other respects. In the song of 'My Heart with love is beating,' he was very successful: it was deservedly encored. In the serenade of 'Lilla come down to me,' he was also greatly applauded. These were his happiest efforts. His last song, of 'Love and Honour,' was a failure, and he failed in it for two reasons; first, because he was pretty nearly exhausted by his previous exertions, and secondly, because the natural compass of his voice was by no means equal to the task. At his next appearance, we have no doubt that he will do better: he must not, however, attempt too much; he has brought great reputation with him, and it will be his own fault if he do not sustain it at its height. As far as we can see at present, he has nothing so much to stand in fear of as his own ambition. Miss Stephens, upon this occasion, resumed the character of Lilla, and was very warmly and cordially greeted. She is in fine voice and has lost nothing of that pleasing and unaffected manner which first assisted her in acquiring popularity, and has always served to keep her in such high favour with the public. Miss Graddon also made her first appearance as Katharine. She improves upon acquaintance, and is certainly an acquisition to the Theatre. In the remainder of the characters there was nothing particularly worthy of notice. The stage arrangements, as usual, were quite disgraceful.

COVENT GARDEN.

ENCOURAGED by the favourable reception of her Belvidera, Mrs. Sloman has twice performed the part of Isabella in the *Fatal Marriage*. The manner in which she gets through this arduous character serves to strengthen the opinion we formed of her in the first instance, namely, that her powers are rather of a limited nature, and that the higher walk of tragedy, notwithstanding her general good sense and correctness, is evidently beyond her reach. In the celebrated scene in which, after receiving the ring, she recognises her husband as the bearer of it, she was decidedly inferior to the greater number of her predecessors. In situations of deep distress and of conflicting passions, she seems to lose the necessary command over herself, and her acting in consequence is too wild and incoherent. We would recommend her, therefore, to try some part of a more even and more quiet description; Desdemona or Imogen would probably suit her much better than any character she has yet attempted. C. Kemble's Biron and Cooper's Villeroi were highly respectable; but we must protest most strongly against Mr. Bennett's Carlos: it is the most absurd and outrageous exhibition of villany we ever beheld—so disgusting and so barefaced, that it never could have deceived his Father or any body else: we fear that *Der Freischütz* and the Wolf's Glen will be this gentleman's ruin; every thing he now does is in the German style of mystery and horror.

The musical entertainment of the *Frozen Lake*, has been transferred from the English Opera House, and performed here with marked success. The acting of Jones and Keely, and the singing and acting of Miss Tree, are so excellent, that we are not surprised at its increasing popularity. It is magnificently got up, with regard to scenery and dresses; and there are some pretty pieces of music introduced, which improve it greatly and add considerably to the general effect.

POLITICS.

The withdrawal of a portion of the French troops from Spain agitates the newspapers, if not the country. At home, public attention has been occupied with the shipwrecks which have strewn our coasts with death; and the execution of Mr. Fauntleroy.

VARIETIES.

Anecdote of Charles the Tenth.—When Charles was young, a courtier was criticising in his presence the sermon of a preacher who had been complaining of the manner in which prisoners were treated before trial. The courtier observed, that such treatment was merely the anticipated punishment of their crimes. The young Prince suddenly interrupted him, exclaiming, "Before trial, how can it be known that they are guilty? That is a fact which the sentence alone can establish."

A German Prince.—The late Lord Barrington was one day asked by a German, "Pray, my Lord, what is the title of Esquire in England?"—"Why, Sir," replied his Lordship, "I cannot exactly tell you, as you have no equivalent for it in Germany; but an English Esquire is considerably above a German Baron, and something below a German Prince." We suppose Lord Barrington alluded to the Prince of Issembourg, who generally travelled with the principal officers of his Court and the staff of his army—his coachman being at the same time Field-marshal and Commander-in-Chief, Master of the Horse, and Head Cook. There is at this moment a German Prince, in Paris, who in a similar manner cumulates honours on the same head: a person of his suite is in the morning dressed in black, and performs the functions of Secretary; at two o'clock he wears a green uniform, a cocked hat and feathers, and a cutlass suspended from a black belt; in this trim he mounts behind the carriage, as a Chasseur; on coming home he doffs the livery of the chasseur, puts a large silver chain round his neck, and introduces the company as an Usher. In the evening he resumes his black suit, puts on a clean ruffled shirt and white cravat, and plays in the concerts given by his Highness.

FACTS.

Pun.—"What do you think of Theodric?" said a drawing speaker, in company, the other night. "Think of it?" replied —, "why I think it is selling prodigiously, and that the author will gain a large sum on The-odd-trick, without counting the Honours!"

A new Union.—At dinner, lately, a gentleman who was carving a fine sirloin, asked — if he should help him. Something turned his attention, and he asked again: a wag, noticing the first failure, begged to drink wine with him, which caused another interruption, after which he returned to his duty and again said, "Pray, Mr. —, shall I send you a slice of this?" "D—n it, Sir," replied the disappointed gastronome, "do you expect me to marry the beef, that you have asked me thrice!"

Wit of Exaggeration.—A gentleman who had visited the Columbus was describing in very pompous terms the extent of her decks, the size of her chicken-coops, and stalls for cattle, &c. &c. when C— (rather tired of the subject) observed, "O! yes, I hear they had a pack of hounds and a few hares, for the amusement of hunting occasionally as they crossed the Atlantic!"

TO A LADY, ON HEARING HER SING

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, Oh take me to your care!"

While you implore the angels' care,
In strains so sweet, so soft, so rare,
I tremble lest you should be heard,
And they should take you at your word.

A Prospect: *Impromptu.*

Never was man, than I am, more perplex'd,
Which makes me think of proverbs sure and
For on the *Twenty-first December* next [strong];
I must be "*happy as the day is long.*" TEUTHA.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

Once more the year is run his round,
Fast as a fox before the hound;
Which ought to be a solemn thought,
And hope it will warn us as it ought.

Then how thankful we should be,
My dear papa, now shouldn't we?
Which is still alive and well,
And in comfort we do dwell.

Many years have passed away,
Many months and many a day;
And yet we have not improved them so,
Thinking they went away so slow.

Let us try to do our best,
Lest dreams should disturb us when we rest;
Then all you folks should thankful be,
That you are alive as well as me.

JOHN BROWN,* aged 10 years.

* Inserted because Mr. Brown, sen. attests that we "cannot deny that these lines possess the seeds of true poetry."—Ed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We understand that a Poem, in six cantos, by a Noble Lord, is preparing for publication. The scene of this production is laid in the south of Spain; the period is a few years before the fall of Grenada. The contrast of character between the Moors and Christians affords occasion for sketches of the state of society in Spain towards the close of the 15th century. The localities of the country are described from actual observation, the author having passed through it during the recent Civil War, previous to the entrance of the French army. A Canto is devoted to the habits of the Mountain Guerrillas, which have undergone little change in the last three centuries; and that they will be accurately depicted may be presumed from the remarkable circumstance of the noble writer having been detained by them during his journey.—[From the fact last mentioned, we guess that Lord Forchester is the author alluded to.—Ed.]

A volume entitled "The Troubadour, the Spanish Maiden, and other Poems," by the author of the *Improvisatrice*, is announced, but can hardly be looked for till Spring. In the meantime the *Improvisatrice* has already reached a fourth edition—a success (viewing it as a nameless work) unexampled in the annals of publication, and saying more for that exquisite production than pages of critical encomium.

We are aware of misstatements and inaccuracies in Capt. Medwin's *Conversations*; but as we have from the beginning, so do we continue to attribute them rather to his original informant than to his own intention to misrepresent. The balad of Bill Jones is certainly not in the Border Minstrelsy, (the Fire-King is,) and is indeed a very common-place affair, in spite of Lord Byron's reported praise of it. Lord B.'s talking of Massinger's "*Brother and Sister*" is of course a blunder, as there is no such play by Massinger. One of Lord B.'s alleged reasons for doubting parts of Shakespeare, is also eminently ridiculous; because though Cibber did adapt "his plays for the stage," every addition and alteration made by him is perfectly well known.

In the press, expected about the close of December, in 2 thick octavos, A Manual of Classical Bibliography, comprising a copious detail of the various editions; translations into the English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and, occasionally, other languages; commentaries and works critical and illustrative of the Greek and Latin Classics; by J. W. Moss, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford.

The following are the subjects discussed in the forthcoming Number of the *Edinburgh Review*:—High Tory Principles—Sketches of India—Scenes in Egypt and Italy—Price of Foreign Corn—Abolition of the Corn Laws—Tour in Germany—Scientific Education of the People—White's Voyage to Cochinchina—Memoirs of Captain Rock—Abolition of Impressment—Geography of Ethiopia—Abolition of the Slave Trade, and of Slavery—Poor Laws of Scotland—Statement of Dr. Chalmers' Experience, &c. &c.

Dr. William Mosley, of Sydney College, Cambridge, has in the press The Prosodian's Alphabetical Directory, or Ready Guide to the Quantity of every Syllable in the Latin Poets.

A complete edition of the Works of the late Dr. Baillie, with an Account of his Life, collected from the most authentic sources, will speedily be published by Mr. Wardrop. M. Schutz, the Professor at Halle, has published a Selection of the Poems of Louisa Brachman (called the German Sappho;) to which is prefixed a Biographical Notice of that unfortunate person.

Mr. Buckingham's *Travels among the Arab Tribes east of Syria and Palestine*, in a 4to volume, are about to be published.

Sir Egerton Brydges' *Recollections of Foreign Travel, on Life, Literature, &c.* are also nearly ready. The *Etrick Shepherd's* epic of Queen Hynde is expected before Christmas.

Dr. Middleton, the late Bishop of Calcutta, has left some Sermons and Charges, which Dr. Bouney, the Archdeacon of Bedford, has prepared for the press. They are on the eve of publication.

Petrarch.—In 1813, M. Foscolo published in England two letters attributed to Petrarch. Professor Meneghelli, of Padua, in a paper lately addressed to the Abbe Talia, examines the authenticity of these letters, which are printed as autographs; and expresses his doubts on the subject. On comparing the fac-simile produced by M. Foscolo with one of Petrarch's letters preserved in the school at Padua, the authenticity of which is incontestible, it is clear that the two letters in question are not autographs. M. Meneghelli has also discovered in them several passages, in manifest contradiction to events more or less remarkable in Petrarch's life and time, and which passages are not even in the poet's style.

Fasciculus Poeticus; a New Guide to Latin Verse, is announced in Messrs. Longman & Co.'s list as immediately forthcoming. The same list mentions *Literni Sacre*; and that excellent work the *Annals of Biography and Obituary for 1834*, which contains Memoirs of C. Grant, Lord Erskine, Sir E. Bulfer, Belzoni, Wilson Lowry, Mr. Rennell, Mrs. Sophia Lee, Lord Titchfield, Joseph Marryatt, Major Cartwright, Capel Loffi, Bowditch, Byron, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Murray's list of new publications appeared as an advertisement in our last Number. We refer to it for several important and interesting works to appear this season.

Journal des Savans, Nov. 1834.—Art. I. Florennes, Experimental Inquiry into the Properties and Functions of the Nervous System of Vertebrated Animals; reviewed by A. Remusat.—2. Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, Vol. 3; M. Silvestre de Sacy.—3. B. Capefigne, Essay on the Invasion of the Normans on the Gauls; M. Daunou.—4. Gesta Caroli Magni ad Caracasanum et Narbonam; M. Raynouard.—5. Shal, History of the Greek profane Literature; M. Letronne.—6. Raoul Rochette on some Greek and Egyptian Antiquities in the Royal Museum.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Tales of Irish Life, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—Wanderings of Child Harold, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.—Latham's Commercial Guide, 8vo. 5s.—Barridge's Tanager's Key, fcap. 8vo. 3s.—Rivington's Annual Register, 1835, 8vo. 18s.—Montrose's Anatomy of the Human Body, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 18s.—Barclay's Engravings of the Skeleton, 4to. 15s.—Sinclair's Hortus Gramineus Woburnensis, royal 2vo. 11. 10s.; coloured, 21. 2s.—Starkie on the Law of Evidence, 3 vols. 8vo. 31. 6s.—Sydney on Appeals, roy. 8vo. 14s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 25	from 37 to 49	29.20 to 29.45
Friday..... 26	... 40 — 31	29.37 — 29.68
Saturday..... 27	... 29 — 46	29.00 — 29.75
Sunday..... 28	... 32 — 55	29.60 — 29.36
Monday..... 29	... 61 — 42	29.15 — 29.39
Tuesday..... 30	... 37 — 54	29.45 — 29.15
Dec.—Wed..... 1	... 42 — 34	29.20 — 29.45

Wind variable, prevailing SW. and W. Generally overcast, except one or two clear frosty mornings. Frequent rain.—Rain-fall .85 of an inch.

It may be interesting to our readers to know the very abundant fall of rain during the past month of Nov. viz. 3 inches .675 of an inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Dissecting Room" had strong feeling and some genuine poetical expression, but was far too crude for insertion.

W. C. D. is also poetical, but his lines did not so entirely please us as to induce us to employ them.—If E. will take the trouble to send to our Office, there is a pocket no addressed.

P. M. W. is informed that Herbert Knowles' beautiful poem, "Methinks it is good to be here," which he thinks we should insert, was originally published in the *L. Gaz.* We are not competent to answer the question respecting the authenticity of Penrose's Journal. We had not been taught to doubt it.

The lines entitled "Murder" are an exemplification of the subject.

We were in hopes to have heard again from J. R.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane,

